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THE GORDON READERS

THIRD BOOK



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THE GORDON READERS

THIRD BOOK

BY
EMMA K. GORDON

AUTHOR OF "THE COMPREHENSIVE METHOD OF
TEACHING READING"

BOSTON, U.S.A.
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS

1910

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THE GORDON READERS

"First, learn to read; then, read to learn"

FIRST BOOK — For beginners.

SECOND BOOK — Completes the work of first year.

THIRD BOOK — Can be read by second year classes.

FOURTH BOOK — Completes the preparation for reading to learn.

TEACHER'S MANUAL — Definite and practical.

CHARTS — Three Phonic Charts. Each 24 × 36 inches.

Six Equivalent Charts. Each 11 × 22 inches.

Forty-four Letter Squares. Each 4 × 4 inches.

Forty Busy-Work Phonic Charts. Each 8 × 7 inches.

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TO THE TEACHER

IN the preparation of this book, emphasis has been placed upon the literature that belongs rightfully to childhood. A few information lessons about animals familiar to every child have been included, but the object of the book is not to instruct; it is rather to interest and to arouse a desire to read. Mother Goose rhymes and tales, fables, fairy tales, and folklore, with short poems by well-known authors, form the larger part of the book.

Some of the selections are longer than those usually included in readers of this grade. It is believed that this fact will add to the attractiveness in the eyes of the children. Such selections have been divided into parts of sufficient length for one lesson.

Consideration has been given to the drill necessary in learning to read. The review facts indicated in the phonic scheme on each page are gathered from the lesson it heads. They should be emphasized in the daily phonic drill given from the charts.

The "sections" indicated in each phonic scheme are to be found in the Word List of the Teacher's Manual. In this list words are grouped according to a common phonic element, or to illustrate a phonic rule. Words from the list should be written upon the blackboard in sufficient numbers to illustrate a given fact. They should be used by the pupil in the sound-

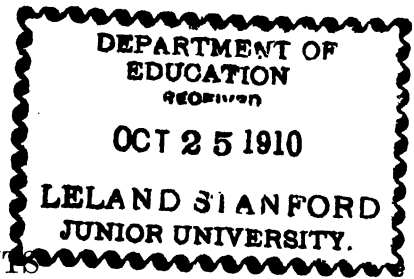
ing, copying, and word-building exercises of the day. The sections referred to in each phonic scheme contain words that illustrate the phonic facts of the lesson it heads.

The new facts presented in this book are: The sound of *kn*, of *u* and *ew* after *r*, of *ou* before *l* and *r*, of *bu*, *wr*, *gu*, *gn*; silent initial *h*, silent *w*, silent *n*, *ch* like *k*. Words illustrating these facts are found in sections 372, 349, 235, 374, 373, 376, 377, 378, 379, 381, 375, 380.

The words at the head of each lesson contain problems either of pronunciation or of meaning that the child may need help in solving. These problems should be solved before the lesson is read. If help is needed in the phonic problem, the teacher should stand ready to give it as the child reaches the point in the word where it is needed. All the words at the head of a lesson should be sounded.

As far as possible, these words are the key words of the lesson. The meaning should be developed by the use of the word in sentences rather than by definition, although both methods may be used. As each word is sounded, call for sentences in which it is used. Eliminate all sentences beginning: I see a —, I have a —, Sometimes a —, in favor of the statement of an interesting fact. This will lead the child to acquire clear images. It will enlarge his vocabulary and increase his appreciation of the stories in which these words appear.

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THIRD BOOK

Phonic Drill. — Review
Equivalent Charts, a, e, i,
o, u.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 243, 287, 370.

curds

great

frightened

whey

tuffet

spider

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet
away.

If I were Miss Muffet,
At ease on a tuffet,
Eating my curds and whey,
I'd not cry with fear,
If a spider came near;
I'd take up the broom,
And out of the room
I'd sweep the great spider away.



Phonic Drill.—Review
Equivalent Charts, a, e, i,
o, u; æ, ph, sion.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 233, 272, 329.

procession
plowed
harvest

elephants
swallowed
divide

THE CAT AND THE PARROT

I

Once upon a time a cat and a parrot owned a piece of land.

One day the cat said, "Let us go to work in the field."

"I can't go now," said the parrot, "because I am sharpening my beak on this mango tree."

So the cat went alone and plowed the field.

When this was done, she said to the parrot, "Come, let us sow wheat."

"I can't go now," said the parrot, "because I am sharpening my beak on this mango tree."

So the cat went alone and sowed the wheat.

When it was ripened, she said to the parrot, "Come, my friend, let us gather the harvest."



"I can't go now," said the parrot

"I can't go now," said the parrot, "because I am sharpening my beak on this mango tree."

So the cat went alone and gathered the harvest.
She put it in the barn ready for threshing.

When all was ready she went to the parrot.
"Come," she said, "let us thresh the wheat."

"I can't go now," said the parrot, "because I am sharpening my beak on this mango tree."

So the cat went alone, and threshed the wheat.

When this was done she went to the parrot. "Let us divide the wheat," she said.

"Yes, yes," said the parrot. He came at once, and they divided the wheat.

II

Now the cat and the parrot were to invite each other to dinner.

The cat's turn came first. She bought a little milk, a little sugar, and a little rice. There was scarcely enough for one to eat.

Next day it was the parrot's turn. He cooked enough cakes to fill a large basket — about five hundred.

When the cat came, he set before her all the cakes but two. These he kept for himself. The cat ate up all her cakes in two minutes. Then she said, "Is there nothing more to eat?"

The parrot gave her the two cakes he had kept

for himself. The cat ate these and said, "Is there nothing more?"

"I have no more cakes," said the parrot, "but if you like you may eat me."

So the cat ate the parrot.

An old woman came along and saw this. She picked up a stone and said, "Shoo! shoo!"

The cat thought, "I ate the cakes, I ate the parrot. Shall I not eat this old woman?" So she ate the old woman.

She went along the road. Soon she saw a washerman. He said, "Get away, cat; my donkey may kick you."

The cat thought, "I ate the cakes, I ate the parrot, I ate the old woman. Shall I not eat this washerman?" So she ate the washerman and his donkey.

The cat next met a procession. There were a king and his bride, soldiers, and elephants. The king said, "Get away, cat; my elephants will step on you."

The cat thought, "I ate the cakes, I ate the parrot, I ate the old woman, I ate the washerman. Shall I not eat this king?"

So she ate the king and all the procession.

Then she went on until she met a pair of land crabs.

"Run away, cat," said the land crabs, "or we will nip you."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the cat. "I ate the cakes, I ate the parrot, I ate the old woman, I ate the washerman and his donkey, I ate the king and his procession. Shall I run away from a land crab? Not so, I will eat the land crabs, too."

Gobble, gobble; in two swallows the land crabs were eaten.

III

Now the land crabs were too hard to bite, so the cat swallowed them whole. When they were down they ran around to see what they could find.

There were the king and his bride, there were



The King and All the Procession

the soldiers and the elephants, there were the washerman and his donkey, there was the old woman, and there was the parrot. Last of all they found the five hundred cakes piled in the corner.

The land crabs then opened their claws and began to nip.

“Meow!” cried the cat.

The land crabs kept on nipping until they had made a great round hole.

Out walked the land crabs. Out walked the king and his bride. Out walked the elephants, two by two. Out marched the soldiers. Out walked the washerman, driving the donkey before him. Out walked the old woman, saying “Shoo! shoo!” Out walked the parrot, with a cake in each claw.

They all went off as if nothing had happened, and the parrot began to sharpen his beak on the mango tree.

— *Indian Folk Tale.*



patiently basin tiny

BREAKFAST AND PUSS

Here's my baby's bread and milk,
For her lip as soft as silk ;
Here's the basin clean and neat,
Here's the spoon of silver sweet,
Here's the stool, and here's the chair,
For my little lady fair.

No, you must not spill it out,
And drop the bread and milk about ;
But let it stand before you flat,
And pray remember pussy-cat :
Poor old pussy-cat, that purrs
All so patiently for hers.

True, she runs about the house,
Catching now and then a mouse ;

But, though she thinks it very nice,
 That only makes a tiny slice :
 So don't forget that you should stop,
 And leave poor puss a little drop.

— JANE TAYLOR.

Phonic Drill. — Teach
 kn. Review ow, ou, g.
 Sound words from Sections
 114, 294, 358, 370 c.

lively	laughter	changed
music	together	difference

THE NEW FIDDLE

Heigh ! diddle, diddle,
 The cat and the fiddle,
 The cow jumped over the moon ;
 The little dog laughed
 To see such sport,
 While the dish ran away with the spoon.

“ I have a new fiddle,” said the cat. “ I can play on it. Don't you want to hear me ? ”

“ Play if you like,” said the cow. “ It will make no difference to me. I shall keep on eating grass and swishing flies with my tail.”



The Cat and the Fiddle

“If you play, I’ll howl,” said the little dog. “I always howl when I hear music.”

“What is music?” said the dish to the spoon, as they lay upon the shelf together.

“I do not know,” said the spoon. “I wonder if it is good to eat?”

The cat tuned the fiddle. She began to play a lively jig.

Just then the great round moon came up.

The cow stopped eating. Her feet began to keep time with the music. Her tail kept time also, and away she danced over the field.

When she came to the brook she jumped over it, and when she came to the moon she jumped over that.

The little dog began to howl. When he saw the cow jump over the moon, his howls changed to laughter.

“What a strange noise,” said the dish to the spoon. “It grows louder. I think I am afraid. Let us run away.”

“Yes,” said the spoon, “let us go.”

So off she ran, and the dish ran away with her.

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow would span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Phonic Drill. — Review
ough, mb. Sound words
from Sections 265, 369 c,
369 e.

coin	salmon	furniture
stale	laundry	poached eggs

THE RED COTTAGE

A talk between two little girls in Sweden over the sea.

Anna. Look at my new silver coin. My grandmother gave it to me.

Rosa. My father gave me one, too.

Anna. What shall we buy?

Rosa. Gingersnaps?

Anna. I know! Let us buy the little red cottage across the road and go there to live.

Rosa. What fun! To-morrow?

Anna. No. I have lessons to do, and my dolls need summer clothes. But perhaps day after to-morrow.

Rosa. We must each buy a cow.

Anna. And two little bossies.

Rosa. We must milk the cows ourselves.

Anna. Then we shall have cream; and we can invite all the family to a party in the afternoon.

Rosa. We must buy some cake at the baker's.

Anna. No. I know how to make it.

Rosa. I know how to make butter. And I have a little churn. I hope there are no mice in the kitchen!

Anna. We must have a kitty.

Rosa. And a little dog with a bell on his collar.

Anna. And some chickens. We shall need eggs if we invite company to dinner.

Rosa. And ducks and pigeons. And a horse. It would be such fun to ride.

Anna. Who would take care of it?

Rosa. We can pay a man as father does. And we shall want some lambs and a little pig to feed out of a trough.

Anna. We must have some furniture for the cottage.

Rosa. Yes. We will make it look just like our house at home.

Anna. But who will wake us in the morning?



"Look at my new silver coin"

Rosa. Oh, the cock will crow. Then I will cook the breakfast. Father says I am mother's own girl.

Anna. But I hate to scrub floors! And who will wash our clothes?

Rosa. We can send them to the laundry.

Anna. But do you think we shall have money enough for all that?

Rosa. We can get some more. And on Sundays the family will come to see us. We will give them strawberries and cream.

Anna. I will study my doll's cook book and learn how to roast chicken.

Rosa. We will have salmon and peas, cucumbers and poached eggs; but never, never, beef soup!

Anna. Nobody likes beef soup.

A poor little boy and girl come and stand near them.

Rosa. Do you like beef soup for your dinner?

The Boy. We didn't have any dinner.

Anna. Well, what did you have for breakfast?

The Girl. Nothing.

Rosa. What! No cocoa?

The Boy (surprised). Cocoa?

The Girl. What is cocoa?

Anna. Have you had no bread and milk?

The Boy. We had some stale bread yesterday afternoon.

Rosa and Anna look at each other.

Rosa. Here! Take my coin and go buy something you like.

Anna. Mine, too.

The poor children thank them and go away.

Rosa. Oh, I forgot all about the red cottage. We cannot buy it now.

Anna. Not till we get some more pennies, when there are no poor children about.

—ZACHRIS TOPELIUS, translated and adapted by Maria Sandahl.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Phonic Drill. — Review
kn, ã, æ. Sound words from
Sections 230, 253, 293, 298.

jackal	vulture	trundled
eagle	sighed	frolicked

THE LAMBIKIN

I

Once upon a time there was a wee, wee lambikin who frolicked about and enjoyed himself.

One day he went to visit his granny. He was jumping with joy, thinking of all the good things she would give him, when he met a jackal.

The jackal said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'LL EAT YOU!"

Lambikin gave a little frisk and said:

"To granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The jackal thought this a good plan and let the lambikin pass.

By and by he met a vulture. The vulture said:
"Lambikin! Lambikin! I'LL EAT YOU!"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk and said:



"Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll eat you."

"To granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The vulture thought this a good plan and let lambikin pass.

By and by he met a tiger, and then a wolf, and a dog, and an eagle. All these when they saw him said : " Lambikin ! Lambikin ! I'LL EAT YOU ! "

But to all of them lambikin replied with a little frisk :

" To granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

At last he reached his granny's house, and said, all in a great hurry, " Granny dear, I've promised to get very fat, so please put me into the corn bin at once."

His granny said he was a good boy. She put him into the corn bin. There the greedy little lambikin stayed for seven days and ate, and ate, until he could scarcely waddle. His granny said he was fat enough for anything and must go home.

Cunning little lambikin said that would never do. Some animal would be sure to eat him on the way back, he was so plump and tender.

"I'll tell you what to do," said lambikin. "Make me a little drumikin out of a lamb's skin, with the wool inside. Then I can sit in it and trundle along nicely."

II

So his granny made a nice little drumikin with the wool inside. Lambikin curled himself up snug and warm in the middle, and trundled away gayly. Soon he met the eagle, who called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!

Have you seen lambikin?"

Lambikin, curled up in his soft warm nest, replied:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you.

On, little drumikin. Tum-pa, tum-too!"

"How very sad!" sighed the eagle, thinking of the good dinner he had lost.

Lambikin trundled along, singing to himself:

“Tum-pa, tum-too;
Tum-pa tum-too!”

Every animal and bird he met asked him the same question.

To each of them the little lambikin replied:

“Fallen into the fire, and so will you.

On, little drumikin. Tum-pa, tum-too.”

Then they all sighed to think of the good dinner they had lost.

At last the jackal came limping along, and he too called out:

“Drumikin! Drumikin!

Have you seen lambikin?”

Lambikin, curled up in his snug little nest, replied gayly:

“Fallen into the fire, and so will you.

On, little drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-poo!”

The jackal sighed to think of the good dinner he had lost. Then he went limping away.

So lambikin got safely home.

—JOSEPH JACOBS (*Adapted*).

Phonic Drill. — Teach sound of u after r. Review wr, ó, c and g soft. Sound words from Sections 100, 116, 254, 260, 349.

easily	singed	turned
believe	once	questions



THE MONKEY AND THE NUTS

A monkey and a cat sat by the fireside.

Some nuts were roasting before the coals. Soon they began to burst with the heat.

“Your paws are just like our master’s hands,” said the monkey. “I believe that you could pull out those nuts as easily as he could. Try it and see if you cannot.”

The cat was pleased with his speech. She put out her paw for the nuts.

She at once drew back with a cry, for she had burned her paw with the hot coals.

“You did well,” said the monkey. “Try again.”

So the cat tried again. This time she pulled out a nut.

She pulled out another, and then another.

Each time she singed the hair on her paw.

When she turned to taste the nuts, she found that the monkey had cracked and eaten them all.

— ÆSOP.

sighed	tarts	knave	divide
tempting	crisp	queen	ready

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,

All on a summer's day;

The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,

And with them ran away.

The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.



This is the Knave, who stole away
The tarts that were made on that summer
day.
This is the King, all ready to eat
The tarts that were brown and crisp and
sweet.
This is the pantry, clean and bare,
For the tempting tarts are no longer there.

This is the stick all ready to beat

The Knave who ran with them down the street.

"Forgive!" sighed the Knave. "I'll steal no more."

"I'll divide," cried the King. "I'll give you four."

"If they're good," said the Queen, "I'll bake some more."

Phonic Drill. — Review
ar, er, ir, or, ur, ear, ow.
Sound words from Sections
157, 258, 342, 371.

tremble	fashion	alarming
favor	driven	servants

THE FOX AND THE GEESE

A fox once saw a fine flock of geese in a meadow. "Ah!" said he, "now I shall have a feast."

The geese, when they saw him, began to tremble with fear. They begged for their lives.

The fox would not listen. He said, "I am hungry; one of you must die."

“Grant us one favor,” said the oldest goose.
“We will afterward stand in a row, so that you may choose the fattest and best.”

“Well, what is the favor?” said the fox.

“We should like to sing one song all through before we die.”

“That is only fair,” said the fox. “Sing away.”

The geese began at once to sing after their own fashion. This was a loud and most alarming cackle.

It was not long before the master and his servants heard, and ran to see what was the matter.

The fox in great fright had to run for his life.

The geese were driven to a safer pasture.

— JACOB and WILLIAM GRIMM.

On the grassy banks
Lambkins at their pranks ;
Woolly sisters, woolly brothers
Jumping off their feet,
While their woolly mothers
Watch by them and bleat.

fluted	inviting	uncomfortable
saucy	surprise	ill treatment

WILLY'S BED¹

One night little Willy thought he did not want to go to bed. He had had his supper and it was half past six o'clock. There was his bed, standing firmly on its four fluted yellow legs.

The white sheet was turned down, and the pillow plumped up. It looked as inviting as a bed possibly could; but into it little Willy would not go. First he kicked, and then he screamed, and then he did both together.

"I won't go to bed," he cried. "I hate my bed! It's cold, and horrid, and ugly. I will never get into it! Naughty bed!"

He was lying on the floor, kicking the bed as hard as he could, when suddenly what do you think happened? I shall shock you very much, but it is best that you should know.

¹ From "Five Mice in a Mouse Trap," by Laura E. Richards. Copyright, 1888. Used by permission.



Willy's Bed Going Away

The bed began to move. Slowly it lifted its fluted yellow legs. Slowly it marched across the room until it reached the window. Then, if you will believe me, it coolly marched out of the window. Thump! thump! thump! off it went down the street.

Little Willy ran to the window, and looked out, with eyes and mouth wide open, in great surprise. Yes, it was really true. The bed was gone.

There it went, tramping down the middle of the street. Its pillow had fallen a little to one side, which gave it a jaunty and saucy air.

"Humph!" said Willy. "Well, I'm glad the ugly old thing is gone. Now I shall not have to go to bed at all."

That was all very well for an hour or so. But after that the little boy began to grow very sleepy in spite of himself. He rubbed his eyes. He yawned. He tried to shake himself broad awake, but it was of no use.

For some time longer he fought against the sleepiness, but at last he went to his mother, looking very much ashamed, and said:

"Please, mamma, I want to go to bed!"

"I am very sorry, Willy," said his mother, "but you have no bed to go to. You have driven away your good bed by ill treatment. Now you must sit up all night."

Poor little Willy! He tried to go to sleep in a chair, but his head kept tumbling backward

or forward and waking him. Oh! he was very uncomfortable, and at last he burst into tears.

“ Oh! my dear bed!” cried he. “ My nice, soft, warm, pretty bed! Why did I ever treat you so badly? Oh, dear, good bed, if you will only come back, I will never, never call you names again! Oh! how tired I am, and cold, and — ”

But suddenly he stopped crying, for he thought he heard a noise outside. He listened. Yes, through the open window came a faint sound — thump! thump! thump! Willy flew to the window. Oh, joy! there was the bed, stumping back up the street on its fluted yellow legs.

Back it came, in at the window and across the room, till it stood in its old place. In about three minutes Willy's head was on the pillow, and I believe he has never called his bed names since.

— LAURA E. RICHARDS.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

Phonic Drill. — Teach sound of ou before l and r. Review ed after any consonant. Sound words from Sections 163, 235, 344 b, 357.

return	touched	evil
harsh	angrily	shoulder

JOE BLACK

Joe Black stood on the walk in front of the house where he lived. He had a coat on, but no hat.

A number of boys were out on the sidewalk. Joe was watching their play.

Some of the boys were sliding on the ice in the gutter. Others were snowballing. All seemed to be having a fine time.

Pretty soon a man came along. Joe did not see or hear him until he was quite near. He had a heavy bundle upon his shoulder.

He called out angrily to Joe, "Get out of my way!"

Joe was frightened at the harsh tone in which the man spoke. He ran out of the way as fast as he could.

The next morning Joe was standing on the doorstep, looking up and down the street. The same man came along.

He had what looked like the same bundle on his shoulder. He did not see Joe, but Joe saw him and knew him.

Joe stood still and watched him go by. Joe saw him pull his handkerchief out of his pocket.

As he did so, he pulled out one of his mittens. It fell on the sidewalk.

When he put his handkerchief back in his pocket, he did not miss the mitten. There it lay just where it fell.

Joe Black saw the mitten. He ran down the steps and along the walk until he came to it. He picked it up and ran after the man as fast as his legs could carry him.

He did not call out, but waited until he was close behind the man. He then gently touched his coat.

The man turned around to see who had touched him. There stood Joe holding up the mitten.

"Well done!" said the man, feeling in his pocket. "Where did you find that?" He took the mitten and put it in his pocket.



Joe's Good Deed

Joe wagged his tail. He was only a great Newfoundland dog and he could not speak a word.

I think Joe knew how to return good for evil.
Do you not think so?

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

Phonic Drill. — Review
Equivalent Chart e; kn, qu.
Sound words from Sections
140, 254, 258, 272.

divide	notice	decided
equal	clever	surprised

TWO TIMES TWO ARE FOUR

A hare and a squirrel were good friends.

“Good day, Watkin,” said the squirrel when they met in the wood.

“Good day, Nutkin,” answered the hare. “Have you heard a dog bark to-day?”

“Only the schoolmaster’s Bobtail. I am not afraid of him out here.”

“Let us go hunting,” said Watkin. “And everything that we find, let us divide into two equal parts. You shall have as much as I, and I as much as you.”

“That will be fair,” said Nutkin.

Presently they found four apples on the road. Frank had dropped them out of his school bag as he passed that way in the morning. There was a hole in the bag just large enough for the apples to fall through.

Watkin and Nutkin set to work to divide the apples. Watkin tried first. He gave one apple to Nutkin and kept three for himself.

“No,” said Nutkin, “that is not right.”

They sat down together and thought and thought; but they could not find any other way to divide the apples. They did not know what to do.

By and by Frank felt hungry and reached into his bag for an apple. When he found that they were gone, he turned back on the road to look for them.

There he found Watkin and Nutkin with the apples in a row between them.

“Hello!” said Frank. “What are you doing with my apples?”

“We were just trying to divide them into equal parts,” said Watkin.

“And we cannot think how to do it,” added Nutkin.

“That is easy!” said Frank. “Each must take two.”

"Oh!" they said, in great surprise. "How do you know?"

"How do I know that two times two are four? I go to school."

"And do you learn such things there?" asked Watkin.

"Yes, you learn everything there," said Frank, proudly.

"And do you know everything?" asked Nutkin.

"Almost everything," said Frank. "I'm not very sure when it's more than seven times seven."

"Oh!" said Watkin. "How I should like to go to school and know everything!"

"Come along, then," said Frank. "If you creep in very quietly and lie still under my seat, nobody will notice you."

"But suppose there should be a dog?" said Nutkin.

"We don't allow dogs in the schoolroom," said Frank. "Sometimes Bobtail gets in, but we always turn him out."

"But he may bite us."

"Bite you? No, he won't. He doesn't bite me even when I pull his tail."

The two friends thought that Frank was very clever to know so much more about dogs than they did. They decided to go with him and learn everything. They jumped and ran along by his side and crept into the schoolroom and under his seat. Nobody saw them.

The very first thing the schoolmaster asked was, "How much is eight times eight?"

"This is better than two times two," said the friends, pricking up their ears. "Now we shall soon be wise."

Just then Bobtail came into the room. You could see that he was used to being sent out, for he drooped his head and tail and tried to hide under the seats. Suddenly he began to sniff, and then he growled.

Soon there was a great jumping over desks and chairs. The children saw Watkin and Nutkin



Watkin and Nutkin at School

leap through a window, with Bobtail after them. Everybody forgot about eight times eight.

Watkin and Nutkin ran into the wood. Nutkin flew up into a tall pine tree and Watkin ran into a hole. Bobtail could not get at either of them, so he stood and yelped until he was tired, and then he went back to the schoolhouse.

As soon as the wood was quiet, the two friends met under a bush, and had a good laugh together.

“Why did you run?” said Nutkin. “You knew Frank said that Bobtail wouldn’t hurt you!”

“Well,” said Watkin, “I don’t want to go to school again. There are some things that you don’t learn there, even if you do know that two times two make four.”

—ZACHRIS TOPELIUS, *translated and adapted by Maria Sandahl.*

A child should always say what’s true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table:
At least as far as he is able.

Phonic Drill. — Teach
bu. Review ōw, a. Sound
words from Sections 232,
246, 374.

built billows nursery



A GOOD PLAY

We built a ship upon the stairs,
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows,
To go a-sailing on the billows.
We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake,"—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.
We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Phonic Drill. — Review
Equivalent Charts o, u, ô,
bu.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 192, 221, 235, 244,
367.

toll	sledge	poured
pint	hewed	warned
	gimlet	timber

SILLY MATT

I

Matt lived with his mother beside a stream of water.

He was both idle and lazy. He did little all day long but yawn and stretch himself before the fire.

His mother thought that Matt might build a bridge across the stream, and take toll from those who went over it.

Then he would have something to do and something to live on.

Matt thought that this would be an easy task. He hewed down timber, dragged it to the stream and built a bridge. It took a long time, but at last it was done.

Now his work was to stand at one end of the bridge and take toll of all who went over.

His mother warned him to let no one pass over unless he paid toll. She said that those who had no money could pay with the goods they carried.

II

The first day, three men with hay came to cross the bridge.

"No, no," said Matt, "you can't go over until you've paid the toll."

"We have nothing to pay it with," they said.

"Then you cannot cross; but hay will do as well as money."

So the men gave him some hay, and went over the bridge.

Next came a peddler with his pack.

"You must pay toll," said Matt.

"I have nothing to pay it with," said the peddler.

"You can pay it with some of your wares," said Matt.

So the peddler gave him two needles out of his pack, and went over the bridge.

Then Matt went home. "Mother," he said, "I have taken toll, and I have something to live on."

"What did you get?" asked his mother.

"Oh, three men gave me hay, and a peddler gave me two needles."

"What did you do with the hay?"

"I tried to eat it, but it tasted like grass, so I threw it into the river."

"You should have spread it out on the floor," said his mother.

"I'll do that next time, mother," said Matt.

"What did you do with the needles?"

"I stuck them in the hay."

"Ah!" cried his mother, "you are a silly boy! You should have stuck them in and out of your cap."

"I'll be sure to do that next time, mother," said Matt.

III

The next day Matt went again to the bridge to take toll.

Soon a man came from the mill, carrying a bag of meal.

"You can't cross till you pay toll," said Matt.

"I have no money," said the man.

"You can pay with goods."

So the man gave him a pound of meal for his toll.

Not long after, a smith wanted to cross. He had no money, so he gave Matt a gimlet.

When Matt went home, his mother asked him about the toll.

"Oh," said Matt, "a miller gave me a pound of meal, and a smith gave me a gimlet."

"What did you do with the gimlet?" asked his mother.

"I did as you told me, mother, I stuck it in and out of my cap."

"Silly boy!" cried his mother; "you show"

have put it up your shirt sleeve. Tell me what you did with the meal."

"Oh, I did just as you told me to do. I spread it over the floor."

"Dear, dear, you should have come home for a pail to put it into."

"Well, well, mother, I'll try to do just as you say next time," said Matt.

The next day, as Matt stood on the bridge, a milkman wished to cross. He paid Matt a pint of milk for his toll. A man who came soon after with a drove of goats gave him a little billy goat.

When Matt went home, his mother said, "What did you take to-day?"

"A milkman gave me a pint of milk, and a man with a drove of goats gave me a little billy goat."

"What did you do with the milk, Matt?"

"I did as you told me, mother; I poured it up my sleeve."

"Oh, Matt, you should have come home for a



"I did as you told me, mother"

bottle to put it into. Now tell me what you did with the billy goat."

"I put the billy goat into the pail that I took with me this morning."

"Dear, dear," said his mother; "you should have twisted a little branch around its neck and led it home."

"I'll be sure to do as you say next time," said Matt.

IV

The next day a man with butter came to cross the bridge. He paid toll with a pat of butter.

Matt ran off to the willow tree for a little branch. This he twisted around the butter and dragged it home along the road. But when he reached home there was no butter left.

"What did you take to-day?" asked his mother.

"A man gave me a pat of butter."

"Butter!" cried the mother. "What did you do with it?"

"I did just as you told me to do, mother," said

Matt. "I tied a little branch around it and led it home; but it was all lost on the way."

"How foolish you are!" said his mother.
"You might have had meat and drink, hay and tools, but you will never have anything until you get more sense."

— *Norse Folk Tale.*

JACK JELF

Little Jack Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he would not spell "pie";
When his aunt, Mrs. Grace,
Saw his sorrowful face,
She could not help saying, "Oh, fie!"

And since Master Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he would not spell "pie,"
Let him stand there so grim,
And no more about him,
For I wish him a very good-by!

THE DUSTMAN

When the shades of night are falling, and the sun
goes down,

Oh! the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-
eye Town.

And he throws dust in the eyes of all the babies
that he meets,

No matter where he finds them, in the house or in
the streets ;

Then the baby's eyes grow heavy and the lids
droop down,

When the Dustman comes a-creeping in from
Shut-eye Town.

When mother lights the lamp and draws the cur-
tains down,

Oh! the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-
eye Town,

And the babies think the Dustman as mean as
he can be,



Going to Shut-eye Town

For he shuts their eyes at nightfall, just when
they want to see.

But their little limbs are weary, for all they fret
and frown,

When the Dustman comes a-creeping in from
Shut-eye Town.

Phonic Drill. — Review
ough, ou, ur.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 201, 233, 236, 344.

country	business	repaired
trouble	stumbled	mounted

MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED

A countryman took goods to the fair.

He sold them all and filled his purse with gold
and silver.

When his business was done, he mounted his
horse, turned toward home, and rode away.

At noon he gave the horse to a stable boy to
be fed and watered while he ate his dinner.

When he was ready to ride on, the stable boy
said, "Sir, a nail has been lost from the left hind
shoe of your animal."



More Haste, Less Speed

“I am in a hurry to reach home,” said the countryman. “I cannot wait to have it repaired.”

Late in the afternoon he stopped again to feed his horse.

In this place also the stable boy told him that a nail was wanting in one of the shoes.

“Shall I take the horse to a blacksmith?” asked the boy.

“No, no; let it be!” said the man. “I cannot wait; I must be at home before night comes on.”

So he rode on. Soon his horse began to limp, then it stumbled, fell, and broke its leg.

“Alas!” cried the man as he stood beside his poor horse, “my foolish haste has brought me into this trouble.”

—JACOB and WILLIAM GRIMM.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost;

For want of a shoe the horse was lost.

Phonic Drill. — Teach
wr. Review ow, ou, or
after w, ph.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 285, 346, 373.

busy	contain	pronounce
erase	written	alphabet

VOWELS

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N,
O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.

These are the letters of the alphabet. Count them. There are twenty-six letters.

See if you can say them as they are written here: a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z.

Every word in this book is spelled with some of these letters. Some of them are in every child's name.

The letters a, e, i, o, u are called vowels. It is easy to say the vowel sounds with a loud voice, and with the mouth open.

They are very busy letters. They are always at work. There is at least one vowel in every word. Some words contain three or four vowels.

How many vowels are there in the word John? How many are there in Philip? in Duke? in Caroline?

Write the word Charlie upon the blackboard. Erase the vowels a, i, e. The word looks like this, Ch rl . Try to pronounce it as it stands.

Write your own name, leaving out the vowels. Try to pronounce it.

Do you not see how useful the vowels are?

The four lines at the top of the next page contain all the letters of the alphabet. Try to find them all:

God gives the grazing ox his meat,
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man, who takes His finest wheat,
Should lift His joyful praises high.

THE COW

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

— JANE TAYLOR.

key	scared	squawked	disobeyed
break	expect	naughty	bureau

THE HURT DAY¹

This was a day when everything went wrong; there are such days, you know.

Arabella stood on one side of her mother, and Araminta stood on the other side of her mother. Their mother was sitting in a big rocking-chair, and she had a picture book on her lap.

She was showing Arabella the pictures. And she was showing Araminta the pictures. All at once she rocked on Arabella's toes! And all at once she rocked on Araminta's toes!

Arabella screamed, and hopped around the room; and Araminta screamed, and hopped around the room. Arabella hopped on one foot, and then on the other; and Araminta hopped on one foot, and then on the other. They cried, and they cried, and they cried.

¹ From "Arabella and Araminta," by Gertrude Smith. Copyright, 1895. Published by Small, Maynard & Company, Incorporated. Used by permission.

Their mother laughed, and laughed, because they looked so funny. But she said, "I'm sorry if it hurts you so, my dears. Run and get the little boxes that always make you forget your little hurts; for I can't hear you cry this way all the forenoon."

Arabella ran and got a blue box from out a bureau drawer, and Araminta ran and got a red box from out a bureau drawer.

Arabella said, "Mine says, 'For Arabella when she cries.'"

And Araminta said, "Mine says, 'For Araminta when she cries.'"

Arabella sat down on the floor, and Araminta sat down on the floor; and they put their boxes on the floor in front of them.

What do you suppose were in those boxes? Come, guess what were in those boxes! You never can guess, I am sure.

Arabella opened her box, and Araminta opened her box, and took out — what do you guess it was?



Arabella and Araminta

Well, Arabella took out a little doll all dressed in blue, and Araminta took out a little doll all dressed in red! In the side of Arabella's doll, and in the side of Araminta's doll, there was a tiny key.

Arabella turned the key in her doll, and she turned it, and she turned it, and she turned it. Araminta turned the key in her doll, and she turned it, and she turned it, and she turned it.

Then they stood their dolls on the floor, and what do you think? Arabella's doll began to dance, and Araminta's doll began to dance! They danced, and they danced, and they danced, and they danced!

Arabella laughed until she rolled over on the floor, and Araminta laughed until she rolled over on the floor.

Arabella had forgotten all about her toes, and Araminta had forgotten all about her toes!

Their mother said, "Now put away your dolls, dears; you will break them if you keep them

dancing all the forenoon." (She always said "all the forenoon." Wasn't she a funny mamma?)

So Arabella put her doll in its blue box, and Araminta put her doll in its red box, and they put them away in the bureau drawer.

Their mother said, "Now go out of doors and play, dears; I can't have you in the house all the forenoon."

Arabella put on her little sun hat, and Araminta put on her little sun hat, and they ran out of doors. They went down the path to the front gate and out into the road. Their mother had said, "Never go into the road, dears; and don't expect me to watch you from the window."

But naughty, naughty Arabella disobeyed her mother; and naughty, naughty Araminta disobeyed her mother. They went out of the gate and away down the road, and they came to a little brook that ran under a stone wall. There were a great many geese in the brook — as many as twenty, I'm sure.

Arabella said, "Sho-o-o, sh-o-o!" to the geese.

And Araminta said, "Sh-o-o, sh-o-o!" to the geese.

The geese lifted up their heads and squawked at Arabella, and the geese lifted up their heads and squawked at Araminta.

Arabella said, "Oh, I'm so scared; let's run!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, I'm so scared; let's run!"

Arabella ran as fast as her little legs could take her, and Araminta ran as fast as her little legs could take her; and all of those twenty geese ran after them.

Arabella ran, and the geese ran; and Araminta ran, and the geese ran!

The geese lifted up their heads and squawked at Arabella, and the geese lifted up their heads and squawked at Araminta!

Arabella fell down and hurt her knee, and Araminta fell down and hurt her knee. A big goose caught hold of Arabella's dress, and a big

goose caught hold of Araminta's dress; and they pulled, and they pulled, and they pulled! A boy came by who was a good boy, and drove the geese away.

Arabella got up, and cried, "Oh, my knee, my knee, how it smarts!"

And Araminta got up and cried, "Oh, my knee, my knee, how it smarts!"

Arabella said, "Oh, I'll mind my mamma after this!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, I'll mind my mamma after this."

And they did for a long, long time.

— GERTRUDE SMITH.

Higher than a house, higher than a tree,
Oh, what ever can that be?

A star.

Black within and red without;
Four corners round about.

A chimney.

Phonic Drill. — Review
 ó, æ, Equivalent Chart e.
 Sound words from Sec-
 tions 252, 298, 347.

excitement

accident

wriggled

mischief

escaped

onions

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

I

Once upon a time there were four little rabbits. Their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter. They lived with their mother in a sand bank, underneath the root of a very big fir tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden. Your father had an accident there; he was put into a pie by Mrs. McGregor."

"Run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail were good little

bunnies. They went down the lane to gather blackberries. Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate.

First he ate some lettuce and some French beans. Then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

Round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees, near the cabbages. He jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

II

Peter was frightened. He rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other among the potatoes.

After losing them, he ran on four legs and

went faster. I think he might have escaped if he had not run into a gooseberry net and been caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

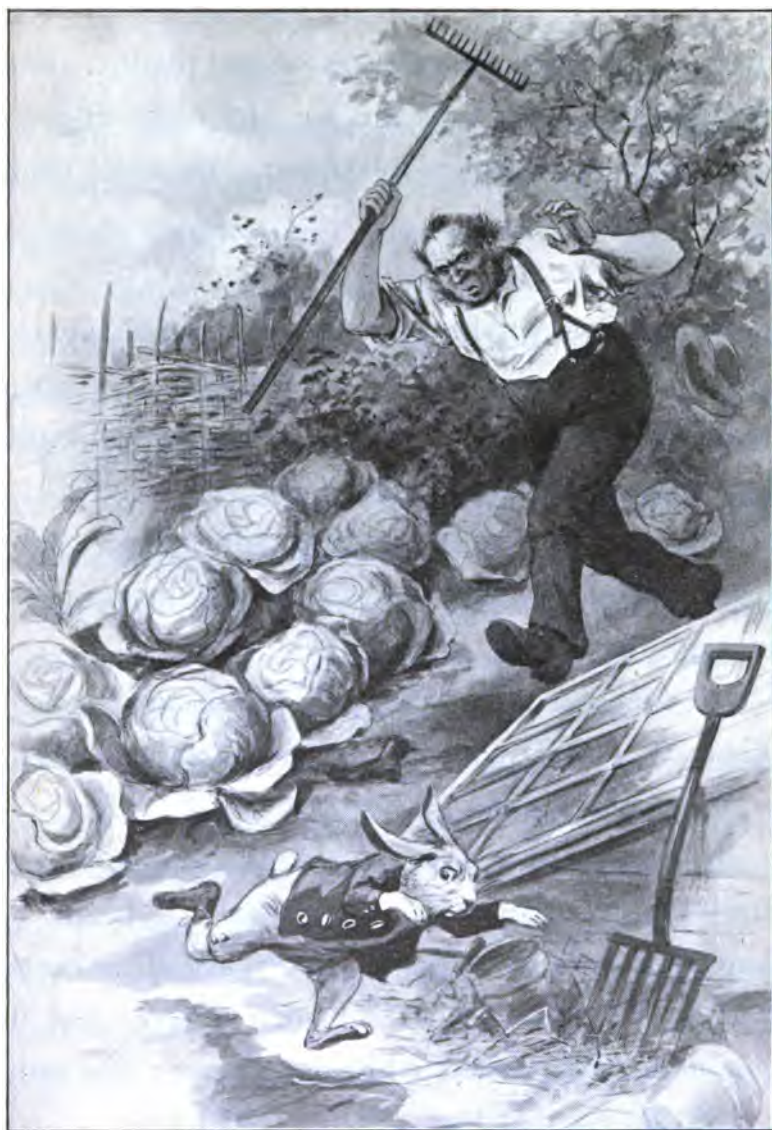
Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears. His sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows. They flew to him in great excitement, and begged him to do something.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve. He tried to put it on top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time. He left his jacket behind him, rushed into the tool shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a good can to hide in if there had not been so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed — “Kertzschoo!”

Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon him. Peter jumped



Mr. McGregor and Peter

out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

III

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath, and trembling with fright. He was very damp with sitting in that can, and he had not the least idea which way to go.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity — not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall, but it was locked. There was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorsteps, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate. She had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

He tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water cans. A white cat was staring at some goldfish. She sat very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive.

Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her. He had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back toward the tool shed. Suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe — scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch.

Peter crouched underneath the bushes. As nothing happened, he came out, climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor, hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter. Beyond him was the gate.

Peter got down off the wheelbarrow very quietly. He started running as fast as he could

along a straight walk behind some black currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

IV

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him until he got home to the big fir tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking. She wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost.

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed. She made some bitter tea, and she gave a dose of it to Peter.

“One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime.”

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

— BEATRIX POTTER (*Adapted*).

MILKING TIME

When the cows come home the milk is coming;
Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake,
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, pert little bunny
Winks his nose, and sits all sunny.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Hurt no living thing;
Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

Phonic Drill. — Review
ow, a, ous.

Sound words from Sections 276, 331, 347.

coward	dangerous	stupid
waffles	preserves	boasting

THE HUNTERS

CARL and NILS meet in a wood.

Carl. Where are you going?

Nils. Hunting.

Carl. But you have no gun.

Nils. I have a good stick.

Carl. I will get a stick, too. What shall we hunt?

Nils. Bunny.

BUNNY jumps in behind them.

Bunny (to himself). What? Hunt me? I'd better hide and listen to what they say. (*He hides.*)

Carl. We shall have to creep along on our hands and knees.

Nils. Why?

Carl. To make Bunny think we are logs.

Nils. Is Bunny as stupid as that?

Carl. Yes. He pokes his head in a bush and thinks nobody sees him.

Bunny. I will remember that.

Carl. He is such a coward, he's afraid of a crow.

Nils. Is he?

Carl. I shouldn't be afraid of a wolf.

Nils. Nor I. I shouldn't mind taking a bear by the collar.

Bunny. Hear them boasting. They can't be very dangerous.

Carl. What shall we do with Bunny when we have caught him?

Nils. Put him in my lunch box.

Carl. It's full of sandwiches.

Nils. We can eat the sandwiches.

Carl. So we can. What shall we do with his paws?

Nils. Oh, we can clean our slates with them.

Bunny. Thank you.

Carl. Then we can roast him and eat him with cucumbers.

Bunny. I hope you may like it!

Nils. I'd rather have fried potatoes and preserves.

Carl. And waffles. Mother will ask company to dinner if we bring home a rabbit. What shall we do with the skin? People don't eat that.

Bunny. It might choke you.

Nils. Perhaps the pig would like it.

Bunny. Ho! ho! ho! This is getting to be funny!

Carl. Perhaps mother would like to use it to dust with.

Nils. No, let's sell it and buy some crackers.

Carl. But how shall we find Bunny?

Nils. Oh, I don't know. How many can you count?

Carl. One, two, three . . .

Nils. Seventeen, eighteen . . .

Carl. Twenty-nine, twenty-ten . . .

Nils. Twenty-eleven, twenty-twelve . . .

Bunny. That's all they know!



The Brave Hunters!

Carl. Twenty-nineteen, twenty-twenty . . .
That's wrong. Let us begin again.

Bunny. I'm not afraid of them!

Nils. One, two, three . . .

Bunny. I'll show them how stupid I am. (*He jumps out of the bush between the boys and they both fall down.*)

Carl (screaming). Help! help! a wolf!

Nils. A b-b-b-bear!

Bunny (laughing). No, it's just myself. Aren't you going to have me for dinner, after all — you mighty hunters? Ho! ho! ho!

— ZACHRIS TOPELIUS, *translated and adapted by Maria Sandahl.*

Phonic Drill. — Teach
gu, gn. Review kn, cious.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 294, 333, 357, 376,
378.

during	whittled	pitiful
baited	hurried	delicious

THE WOODCHUCK

One bright morning Mr. Knowles went out into his garden and found that some animal had been there during the night.

The tops of the beans, peas, and beets had been eaten off. The animal had also gnawed into the roots of the beets and turnips.

Mr. Knowles knelt down and saw some little tracks in the soft earth.

“Well,” said he, “I guess I know who has been here. A few days ago I saw a woodchuck over in the field, and I think he must be the guilty one.”

He hunted in the cellar until he found an old

steel trap. That night he set the trap in the garden where the woodchuck had been.

With his knife he whittled out a long, stout peg, and drove it into the ground.

A long chain was on the trap. This he fastened to the peg so that the animal could not run away with the trap. After he had done this, he baited and set the trap.

He used an apple for bait, as he knew that woodchucks like apples. When the woodchuck saw the apple, he would try to gnaw it, and he would have to put his foot on it to keep it steady.

This would move the spring and cause the trap to snap, catching his leg and holding it fast.

The woodchuck had eaten such a fine supper the night before that he thought he would visit the garden again.

The first thing he saw was that delicious apple. "Here is a fine feast," thought he. But he had scarcely touched it, when, snap! he was caught in the cruel trap.



He did not shoot. He set him free

Early the next morning, before breakfast, Mr. Knowles took his gun, and hurried out to the garden. There sat the woodchuck, held fast by the trap.

He looked so pitiful that Mr. Knowles hadn't the heart to shoot him.

He said, "I think he has had such a good lesson that he will never want to come into my garden again." So he let him go. And you may be sure that woodchuck never went there again as long as he lived.

— AGNES ORD.

sewed	hoisted	wrong	knew
reason	really	flannel	knock

THE JIMMYJOHNS

Jimmy and Johnny Plummer were twins. Everybody called them the Jimmyjohns. They looked just like the same boy twice over. Their own family could hardly tell them apart.

They were always together, and always did the same things. People often tried to guess which was Jimmy, and which was Johnny; but few could tell. Mrs. Plummer sewed red flannel peppermints on the wrong side of Jimmy's frock, and blue flannel peppermints on Johnny's. So they always knew which was which.

One day a man said to them, "Why don't you go rowing?"

They said, "We have no boat."

He said, "My boy Dan takes a tub for a boat."

"But," they said, "there is no water."

He answered, "Dan plays grass is water."

The Jimmyjohns looked at each other, then they asked, "What oars does Dan take?"

The man had gone so far along the road that they had to shout after him. He called back, speaking one word at a time: —

"Can't — hear — what — you — say."

"What — oars — does — DAN — T - A - K - E?" bawled the Jimmyjohns, holding on to the last word as long as they had any breath.

"Dan — takes — BROOMS!" shouted the man, and walked away quite fast.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck! Cluckety cluck!" said the old hen to her chickens. She really meant to say, "Hurry back! Danger! Boys!"

She kept house with her chickens under a tub at the back door. It was her tub that was going to be the boat.

"Over she goes!" cried the Jimmyjohns, giving it a knock.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck! Cluckety cluck!" said the hen. "Run for your lives!"



The Jimmyjohns Rowing

But the Jimmyjohns were not thinking about chickens. They wanted their oars. Mrs. Plummer let them have her third-best broom and the barn broom to row with.

"Let's go over in the field where there's good grass," said one Jimmyjohn to the other.

They hoisted the tub over the fence, and put the broom handles through the tub handles.

Then they squeezed themselves inside and began to row.

After they had rowed awhile, they could not see that their boat had moved at all. They thought they would find Dan and ask him how he did it.

They tied some reins that they used when they played horse, to one handle of the tub. Then they began to run along the road, dragging it after them.

After a time, one of them said, "How easy she goes!"

They turned to look, and, oh! what did they see? Two hoops, pieces of wood scattered along the road, and the brooms far behind. The tub had fallen apart, and the hoops that bound it were rolling away.

They looked at it awhile, and then they picked up the pieces and the brooms and turned to go home. It was all they could do.

But on the way they passed Aunt Emily's

house, and they made a call there. They had very good reasons for doing so. One reason was a puppy; one reason was a goldfish; but the sweetest reason of all was Aunt Emily's gingerbread.

— ABBY MORTON DIAZ (*Adapted*).

Erin	minstrel	sober	host
ladle	trooped	mightier	palm

THE TWO KINGS

One day the king of the fairies said at a feast of his wee folk, "Have any of you seen a mightier man than I am? I can cut down a thistle with my ax."

The minstrel who made songs for the king laughed and said, "Over in Erin they are so big and strong that one of us could stand on the palm of a man's hand. Once when I was there, they dropped me into a cup of milk, and I had to swim until they took me out again. If you don't believe me, go yourself and see what you shall see."

The fairy king said to his queen, "We will go to-night when all the people are asleep, and taste the king of Erin's porridge and come home again."

When it was dark, they mounted their fairy horse, which was smaller than the smallest hare, and so rode over the sea to Erin.

They went straight into the king's kitchen and began to look about for the porridge pot. As the wee king sat on his horse, he could just reach up to its rim. As he leaned over the silver ladle and tried in vain to lift it, he slipped and fell in. There he stuck fast up to his waist in porridge.

The poor queen cried and tried to help him out; but he said to her, "Ride quickly home and in the morning bring an army of my people to set me free."

When daylight came, the king of Erin's men went down into the kitchen and found the fairy king in the porridge.

With shouts of laughter they carried him to their master; but they looked sober enough when



The King of the Fairies and the King of Erin

they saw before the castle gate a great host of the fairy folk.

The little people did not want to fight, so they said to the king of Erin, "Unless you give up our king, we will do you harm. Not a cow in all your land shall give you any milk to-morrow."

"No," said the king of Erin. "I will not give him up for that."

The next day there was no milk in all Erin.

"Now," said the fairy folk, "unless you give him back to us, we will dry up all the wells."

"No," said the king of Erin. "I will not."

The next day there was no water in the land.

"Now," said the fairy folk, "give him up, or we will burn all your mills, and there shall be no flour for bread."

But the king of Erin would not give up his prize, though all his people went hungry.

"Now," said the fairy folk, "we will cut off all the wheat that is growing in your fields, and all your people shall die."

“I cannot help it,” said the king of Erin.

Then the fairy folk lost patience and said:
“Now, for the last time, will you give up our king? If you do not, we will cut off all the hair of every man and woman and child in all the land.”

This frightened the king of Erin so that he gave up the king of the wee folk; and all the fairies trooped away to their own land across the sea.

Which of the two kings was the stronger?

— *Irish Fairy Tale.*

Phonic Drill. — Review
bu, wr, mb, stle, ften, g.

Sound words from Sections 274, 343, 344, 374.

rustling	clinging	burrows
withered	wrapped	harvest

DWELLERS IN THE MEADOW

I

Birds, ants, crickets, and bumble bees live in fields and meadows. They make their nests among the grasses or in holes in the ground. Every boy and girl who has been in the country has seen these people of the meadow.

Many other creatures live there that are not seen so often. One of these is the harvest mouse.

This mouse is very tiny. Its coat of brown fur is so soft and thick that it feels like velvet.

No bird can build a better or prettier home for its little ones than this little mouse makes. Its nest is sometimes found swinging from a thistle or hung up among the wheat stalks. It is built of dried grasses woven neatly into a small round ball.

Inside, the nest is snug and warm. Sometimes eight babies lie cuddled together while father and mother are off hunting for food.

The opening is so small that it is a wonder how the mother mouse can get through.

She is always careful to close the door when she goes out, so the babies will not fall from the nest.

The harvest mouse climbs the smooth stems of the wheat field like a monkey. It holds on by its tail as well as by its claws. When coming



Harvest Mice and their Nest

down from the nest, it twists its tail around a stalk and slides down.

When winter comes, this wise little mouse leaves the nest among the grasses and burrows in the ground.

It lines its winter home with thistle down. Wrapped in its fur coat, it sleeps safe and warm until the springtime.

II

I wonder how many boys and girls have seen the common field mouse.

The nest of this mouse, also, is made of grasses, but it lies on the ground.

A lady was once walking through a meadow. She stepped from the path to pick forget-me-nots that grew by a little brook.

Suddenly a loud squeaking was heard. The sound seemed to come from the ground.

"I must find out what this means," said the lady. She stooped and parted the grass stems at her feet. The squeaking had stopped; but she thought she heard a slight rustling in the bunch of withered grass that lay before her.

She put her fingers into the grass. When she brought them out, a baby mouse was clinging to them.

It was a strange, helpless baby. Its eyes were not yet open, and its pink skin was bare of fur. Its legs seemed very weak.

After a minute the lady tucked it back into the nest. It crept outside at once. She put it back again and again.

Each time she tried to close up the opening by pushing the grass stems together before it could find his way out. At last she succeeded in closing the nest.

She waited until all was quiet, then she went away.

friendly grudge timid stalk bower

THE CITY MOUSE

The city mouse lives in a house;—

The garden mouse lives in a bower,

He's friendly with the frogs and toads,

And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—

The garden mouse eats what he can;

We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,

Poor little timid furry man.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Phonic Drill. — Teach initial h silent. Review Equivalent Charts a, o, e. Sound words from Sections 240, 285, 358, 376, 379.

stray	happily	shepherd
palace	honesty	answered

TRUSTY HANS

Hans was a shepherd boy. He watched his sheep in a meadow near a great forest.

One day a hunter came out of the forest. He asked Hans how far it was to the nearest town.

“It is six miles, sir,” Hans answered. “But the road is only a sheep track, and it is not easy to follow.”

The hunter said, “My boy, I have been lost in the forest. I am very tired and hungry. If you will leave your sheep and show me the way, I will pay you well.”

“I cannot leave my sheep,” said Hans. “They would stray into the wood and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers.”

“Well, what of that?” said the hunter. “They are not your sheep, and I will pay you more than you could earn in a whole year.”



Hans and the Hunter

"Sir, I cannot go," said Hans. "My master pays me to mind his sheep. I cannot leave them until my day's work is done. If any of the sheep were lost, I should be as much to blame as if I had stolen them."

"Then," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me, while you go to the village and get me some food and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

Hans shook his head. "The sheep do not know your voice, and —"

"And what?" asked the hunter. "Can't you trust me? Do I look like a thief?"

"No," said Hans, "but you tried to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed. "You are right, my boy," said he. "I wish I could trust my friends as your master can trust you. Show me the sheep path. I will try to follow it without a guide."

"You said you were hungry," said Hans.

“Would you like some of my bread and cheese?”

The hunter gladly took the bread and cheese. As he was eating it, a shout came from the forest. A number of horsemen rode from among the trees toward the hunter.

“We thought you were lost or killed, sire,” they cried.

Then Hans learned that the hunter was the king of the country.

The poor boy feared the great man would be angry with him. The king was not angry. He smiled kindly and praised the boy's honesty to the horsemen.

A few days after this, the king sent word that he wished to see Hans at the palace.

“My good boy,” he said, “I think that you are to be trusted. I want you to serve me.”

So Hans became a servant in the household of the king. He lived happily with his good master, and served him faithfully.

— *German Folk Tale.*

Phonic Drill. — Review
cious, ear.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 196, 257, 258.

mist	precious	distress
staff	tinkle	offered

THE FAIRY BELL

The brown fairies live inside the hills. On two or three days in the year they can change into the forms of birds, or beasts, or men and go about in daylight.

On all other days they must stay inside their hills until night comes. Then they run out and dance in the fairy rings under the light of the moon and stars.

Each brown fairy wears a brown coat and a brown cap with a little silver bell. These bells are very precious. If one is lost, its owner cannot sleep until he finds it.

Once upon a time the brown fairies were dancing in the meadow by moonlight.

After they had gone under the hill, one little fairy saw that he had lost the bell from his cap.

He was in great distress. He could not sleep

without his bell. He had to wait until the next night before he could go out to look for it.

Then he searched everywhere, but the bell could not be found. A shepherd boy had picked it up, and put it in his pocket.

When the day came that the fairy could go out, he changed into a little bird. He flew all over the country searching for his bell. He asked all the other birds, but none of them had seen it.

At last he flew over the meadows where the shepherd boy was keeping his flock. Several of the sheep had bells about their necks. They tinkled merrily as the sheep moved about.

The little bird thought of his bell.

He sang sadly :

“ Little bell, little bell,
Little ram as well,
You, too, little sheep,
If you’ve my tingletoo,
No sheep’s so rich as you,
My sleep you keep.”

The boy heard the song and saw the pretty bird.

“That is a strange bird,” he thought, “that sings about the bells my sheep wear. I have a little silver bell in my pocket. I wonder if the bird would sing about that.”

He took the bell out of his pocket and made it ring. The bird saw the bell and knew that it was his. It flew down behind a bush and changed into the shape of an old woman.

The woman walked across the field to where the boy sat. He was still ringing the bell and thinking of the beautiful bird.

“What a charming little bell!” cried the woman. “I never saw anything so beautiful. Will you sell it to me?”

“It is not for sale,” said the boy. “There is not another bell like it in the whole world. Listen to the music it makes. I have only to make it tinkle, and the sheep run wherever I wish.”



The Fairy and the Bell

The woman offered him three pieces of money, and then five pieces, for the bell, but the boy would not sell it. She showed him a handful of gold, but he shook his head.

At last she drew a white staff from under her cloak. "I will give you this staff for the bell," she said.

"Drive the sheep with it. Their wool will be longer and better than that of other sheep. Everything will go well with you. Soon you will be a rich man."

As she held out the staff, she smiled at him. When she smiled, the boy could not help doing as she wished.

"Here is the bell," he cried. "Give me the staff."

The old woman took the bell. She seemed to float away like a mist over the meadow. She was out of sight in an instant.

The brown fairy did not dance in the moonlight that night. He had his precious bell, and

he could sleep. He slept until the next night came. Then he was the merriest of all the dancers.

The shepherd boy drove the sheep with the white staff. His sheep grew fat. Their wool was long and heavy. It was not long before he was the richest shepherd in the country.

— *Fairy Tale of Rügen.*

THE LITTLE ELF¹

I met a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

— JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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Phonic Drill.—Review
Equivalent Chart a, mb,
kn, wr.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 355, c, d, 376.

knot	tongue	mold
knob	question	glistening

THE TREE FROG

I

The tree frog does not live in the pond with the bullfrogs. His home is in a tree.

Sometimes he looks out of a knot hole; sometimes he crouches close to the tree trunk. Often he swings from the under side of a leaf.

He is so nearly the color of the tree that it is hard to see him even when he is in plain sight.

When the tree frog is hungry, he sits very still and darts out his sticky tongue at insects that fly past him.

He is so pleased when rain is near that he sings a little song. It is "tr-r-r-d." Have you ever heard him sing?

The tree frog is a climber. The knobs or pads on the ends of his toes help him to climb.

When winter comes, he climbs down from his tree and burrows in the leaf mold. Sometimes he makes his bed in a hollow tree.

His cousins, the bullfrogs, wrap themselves in mud blankets and sleep at the bottom of the pond. When spring comes, all the frogs awake and sing for joy.



A Tree Frog

II

A lady once saw a tree frog as he was peeping out of his knot hole. She lifted him carefully and took him into her house. She went to a window where plants were growing.

The tree frog was much frightened. He sat very still in her hand with his legs folded close to his body.

When the lady opened her hand, he saw the

green leaves. He thought, "Here is a chance to escape." So he made a flying leap and landed among them.

Then he saw a tree close by. He made another leap, hoping to reach it. Something hard and slippery kept him from the tree. He could not see this thing, but he found that he could climb up.

The little children watched him climb. Their mother showed them his webbed feet and long slender toes. They saw that each one was tipped with a little knob.

To show them how he could change color, she placed him on something black. Soon his skin grew quite dark.

Then she placed him on something green. After he had been on the green for a time, his color grew greenish.

After the children had asked all the questions they could think of, they all went out to the tree and the lady put him in his knot hole.

I think he was glad to be at home again.

Phonic Drill. — Review
oy, sten, wr.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 247, 255, 373.

employs abode glistening

stealthy prey wrinkled

A FRIEND IN THE GARDEN

He is not John the gardener,
And yet the whole day long
Employs himself most usefully
The flower beds among.

He is not Tom, the pussy cat,
And yet the other day,
With stealthy stride and glistening eye,
He crept upon his prey.

He is not Dash, the dear old dog,
And yet, perhaps, if you
Took pains with him and petted him,
You'd come to love him, too.

He's not a blackbird, though he chirps,
And though he once was black;
And now he wears a loose gray coat,
All wrinkled on the back.

He's got a very dirty face,
 And very shining eyes;
 He sometimes comes and sits indoors;
 He looks — and p'r'aps is — wise.

But in a sunny flower bed
 He has his fixed abode;
 He eats the things that eat my plants —
 He is a friendly TOAD.

— JULIANA H. EWING.

Phonic Drill. — Review
 initial h silent, mb, or.

Sound words from Sec-
 tions 349, 379.

mane	combing	visited
honor	roared	ordered

THE HARE AND THE LION

A lion had his den in the forest. He ordered the other animals to come to him one at a time to be eaten.

As the lion was the king of the beasts, there was no help for it. The other animals had to do as he said.

One after another they said good-by to their friends. Then they went sadly through the woods to the lion's den.

At last it was the hare's turn to be eaten.

When the day came for him to go to the lion's den, he said there was no hurry. He would be there in time enough.

He spent the morning putting his house in order, and cleaning and combing his fur. An hour or two of the afternoon passed while he visited some old friends.

When at last he set out, he took the longest way through the forest. He did not hurry until he came in sight of the lion's den. Then he ran as fast as he could.

The lion was watching for him. He was very hungry and very angry at having to wait so long for his dinner.

Before he could say a word, the hare cried, "Oh! lion, I know that I am very late and that you have cause to be angry."

"Before you eat me, I must tell you of another lion who has come to the forest. This lion wished me to go to him. He says that he is the master."

"Ha!" roared the lion. "Where is he? Show him to me. I'll teach him who rules the forest."

"Follow me," said the hare. He ran off through the woods, and the lion bounded after him.

After a time they came to a well. "Here he is," whispered the hare, looking over the edge.

The lion looked down into the well. He saw a lion looking at him. He shook his mane; the other lion shook his mane. He roared; the other lion opened his mouth to roar at the same time.

The lion was very angry. "Let me get at him," he roared; "I'll show him who is master." In he jumped — splash! That was the end of him.

Now the beasts of the forest could live in peace, for the hare had set them free from the lion.

Together they made a little hymn of praise in honor of the hare, and every morning they sing it in the forest.

— *Indian Folk Tale.*



"Oh, lion, I know that I am very late"

Phonic Drill. — Review
mb, bble, ddle, etc.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 128, 254, 290, 291.

several instant touched
scrambled second squeaked

THE BABY SQUIRRELS

I

A squirrel's nest in the topmost boughs of a tree held four small squirrels.

The mother squirrel had put leaves, moss, and small sticks together so that not a drop of rain could get in.

The nest was like a cradle in which the fur babies were rocked by the winds.

One day a lady came into the woods. She sat down under the tree that held the nest.

The mother squirrel saw the lady. She ran along a branch and peeped at her. Then she ran along another branch and took a peep from the other side.

Soon she grew bold enough to run part way down the trunk of the tree and chatter, hoping to drive the stranger away with the noise.

The lady was reading. She sat very still and did not look up from her book.

In a short time the squirrel went back to her babies in the nest. She forgot that the lady had not always been there like the trees and rocks of the wood.

II

After a while the lady closed the book and looked about. She looked up into the leafy boughs above her. There she saw a pretty sight.

The mother squirrel was running along a limb of the tree followed by her four babies. When she came to the end of the branch, she jumped across a little space to the branch of another tree.

Three little squirrels jumped one after another and landed on the branch beside her.

The smallest baby did not dare to jump. It squeaked with fear and clung close to the branch.

The mother ran nimbly down the tree trunk, across the grass, and up the home tree to the branch where the baby was clinging.

She ran along lightly, leaped over the baby's head, and again jumped to the other tree. She did this several times. At last the little one jumped, but did not reach the branch. It fell to the ground.

The mother was beside it in the same instant. She took it in her mouth, carried it up the tree to the branch, dropped it there, and jumped across to the second tree. This time the baby bravely jumped after and reached the tree.

III

Then they began a grand race from one tree to another, led by the mother squirrel.

Sometimes a baby missed its footing and fell, but the mother had it in her mouth and back on the branch before it knew what had happened.

Sometimes they ran quite close to where the lady sat so still.

Once a baby squirrel fell on her hat. Around and around the brim it ran, wondering why its mother did not come to help.

At last the lady moved, very quietly, close to the tree. Soon the baby found the place where the hat touched the trunk, and it scrambled up.

The mother squirrel smelled and licked her baby all over. She scolded it well. Then the race began again.

She led them away from the home tree, deeper into the forest. When the lady went home they were out of sight. _____

Chick-chick-a-dee-dee! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said Good-day, good Sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places
Where January brings few faces.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Phonic Drill.—Teach
w silent. Review ç, ð.
Equivalent charts u, a.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 236, 247, 265, 331,
349, 381.

surf	plunge	gurgled
trench	ocean	frolicked

AT THE SEASIDE

I

Ralph and Stephen spent last summer at the seaside. It was the first time the boys had seen the ocean.

At first they were afraid of the great waves that came thundering up the beach and broke in surf upon the sands. But soon Stephen began to enjoy the rough play of the water. Before the summer was over, he learned to swim, and dive, and float.

Every day Ralph made up his mind to do as Stephen did. He would put on his bathing suit and march down to the beach by Stephen's side.

Together they watched the waves riding higher and higher as they came toward the shore.

Then Stephen shut his eyes and plunged into the bubbling water; but Ralph, at the first splash upon his bare toes, turned and ran away.



At the Seaside

As fast as his feet could carry him, he ran up the beach, but the waves always ran after.

Once or twice they caught him, threw him down, and splashed and gurgled through his hair and in his ears as though they enjoyed the fun. Not once all summer was Ralph willing to get his bathing suit wet.

Father and mother and Stephen frolicked and danced and had gay times in the ocean. So did all the aunts and cousins who came to visit them.

Ralph jumped up and down. But he was very careful not to let the water get much beyond his ankles. Father said he must like dry baths.

Bruno went with them to the beach. He was not afraid of the water. He went in a dozen times a day, and he was always ready to fetch a stick, no matter how far out it was thrown.

It almost seemed that Bruno understood the joke about Ralph's dry baths, for he would run up to him, shake his shaggy coat, and send a shower of salty drops all over the bathing suit.

II

When the tide went out, many curious creatures of the sea were left on the beach.

One morning the boys gathered sixteen crabs. They dug a well in the sand for them. At one side of the well they made a trench leading toward the sea. When the tide turned, the water rushed into the well and swept the crabs one by one out to sea. It was an exciting time.

One day the boys were busy making an arm-chair of the wet sand. First they made a flat mound, then they packed sand around the back and sides of the mound. Bit by bit they built it up until the shape of a chair could be seen.

Father was watching them. Presently he picked up a piece of driftwood. He took out his knife and began to whittle the wood.

"What are you making, father?" asked Ralph, eagerly.

"This," answered father, placing the bit of wood in the chair.

"It's a man," cried both the boys. "See the man sitting in our chair."

III

"It is King Canute seated by the sea," said father. "Shall I tell you about him?"

"A story! a story!" cried Ralph. This was what father told them:

King Canute was king of England. He was very wise. He cared for his people so well that some of them began to think he was master of all things. They said that even the sea would obey him.

To show them that this was not true, King Canute had a chair brought down to the edge of the water. Seated in the chair, he called out to the sea, "Stand back, I command you."

But the sea gave no heed. Wave after wave rolled in until the water dashed upon his feet.

"You see, my children," said the king to his watching people, "I am not master of the sea. There is but one master. He is Lord of all."



King Canute and the Sea

The boys were quiet for a few moments, watching the water creeping along the sands.

One ripple after another swept along the side of the chair and carried away a few grains of sand.

Soon a big wave dashed over King Canute's feet.

When the boys ran to the beach after dinner, nothing could be seen of King Canute, for the water was deep over the place where his chair had stood.

Ralph says that next summer he is going into the sea up to his neck.

THE HORSES OF THE SEA

The horses of the sea

Rear a foaming crest,

But the horses of the land

Serve us best.

The horses of the land

Munch corn and clover,

While the foaming sea horses

Toss and turn over.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Phonic Drill.—Sound
words from Sections 249,
261, 362, 368 h.

families	piano	dreams
pleasant	pupils	quiet

THE HALL CLOCK

I

Two families lived in the same house at the same time. One was a noisy family, the other was a quiet one.

The boys and girls of the noisy family could be seen and heard all day. They swept the floors, and dusted the rooms; they cooked the meals, and washed the dishes; they read the books, and played the piano.

The smaller children dressed and undressed their dolls; they played house; they played school, and they had the kittens, the dolls, and the dog for pupils.

When evening came, all the children sat around the fire, and told stories until bedtime. Then they went upstairs and crept into soft white beds, and dreamed pleasant dreams until morning came.

II

possession

appeared

view

quivering

pattering

sofa

When all the noisy children were asleep, the quiet family came out and took possession of the rooms.

From dark corners and little holes, their tiny heads and quivering whiskers appeared. Bright, beadlike eyes made sure that no danger was near. Then the gray bodies and graceful tails came into view.

Here and there they ran, hunting for crumbs upon the floor. Some even ran upon the pantry shelves and nibbled the good things they found there.

Sometimes they chased one another through the rooms, or took flying leaps from the sofa to the chairs.

But though they hunted for food, or ran races, the soft pattering of their feet was almost the only noise they made.

III

disturbed	whirring	weights
pendulum	venture	hours

There was only one thing to disturb their peace. That was the tall grandfather's clock in the hall.

The children of the noisy family liked the clock. They liked to open the long door and peep at the heavy weights and long, swinging pendulum. They liked to listen to its voice as it struck the passing hours.

The quiet family did not like it. They did not mind so much its tick, tick, tick, which went on all the time. They often ran quite close to it in their play, and found that there was nothing to hurt them.

But when the whirring wheels struck the hour, they all ran helter-skelter as far away as they could. It was many minutes before they dared venture out again.

This happened many times every night.

IV

council	although	scamper
frightening	believe	rogue

At last the mice held a council to see what could be done about it. They met in the hall where the clock stood, and tried to think of some way to stop the frightening noise.

One very brave mouse said, "I believe that the clock is a trap, and that the noise is caught and cries to get out. If we could gnaw a hole in the wood, we could let it out, and it would run away."

"Yes, yes," cried the other mice, "let us gnaw the hole."

So they tried to gnaw a hole in the clock, but although each one did his best, they could scarcely scratch it.

"This wood is so hard and thick," cried a little mouse, "that we never can gnaw a hole in it. I think that the only way to let the noise out would be to gnaw a hole at the top of the clock."



"The mice held a council"

“Yes, yes,” cried all the mice, “that is a better plan. Will you climb up and gnaw the hole?”

“Oh, no, not I!” said the mouse. “I am too little, and my teeth are not very strong.”

“I will,” said the brave mouse. “I am not afraid.”

So he ran quickly up the clock.

Just as he reached the top, the wheels began to whirr, and the clock struck one. The brave mouse was so frightened that he ran down faster than he had run up.

Before the clock could strike a second stroke, every mouse was hidden away in the farthest corner of his hole.

Never again was a mouse brave enough to run up the clock. So the noise is still inside, and every night when it comes, the mice jump with fright and run to their holes.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;

The clock struck one,
And down he ran,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

swaying boughs against

CRADLE SONG

Ere the moon begins to rise
Or a star to shine,
All the bluebells close their eyes —
So close thine,
Thine, dear, thine.

Birds are sleeping in the nest
On the swaying bough,
Thus against the mother breast —
So sleep thou,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

— THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

“Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.”

Phonic Drill. — Sound
words from sections 25d,
25e, 27c, 29d, 29e, 29f, 32e.

shelter	bridle	reared
peasant	caper	supplied

THE THREE WISHES

I

A good fairy was once far from home when night came on.

Before her she saw two houses, one large and beautiful where a rich man lived: the other small and mean, the home of a poor peasant.

The fairy thought, "There is plenty of everything and to spare in the rich man's house. I will ask him to take me in."

So she knocked at his door. The rich man opened the window, and asked what she wanted.

"I beg you to give me shelter for the night," the fairy said.

The rich man looked at her. As he saw that she had on shabby clothes, he shook his head and answered, "I cannot take you in." Then he shut the window and went away.

The fairy turned her back upon the grand house and went over to the other one. The poor man saw her coming. He opened the door and begged her to enter. His wife came forward and led her in.

“You must stay all night with us,” they said. “We have not much, but what there is we will share with you.” The wife laid the cloth for supper, and the fairy sat at the table with them.

When bedtime came, the wife whispered to her husband, “Dear husband, let us make a straw bed for ourselves on the floor so that the traveler may lie in our bed and rest. She must be tired after walking all day.”

“Yes, yes,” said the husband. “We will do so.”

II

In the morning when the fairy awoke, she found the wife cooking breakfast for her.

The sun shone brightly into the room. The faces of the poor people were so happy that she was sorry to leave them.

As she rose to go, she thanked them for their kindness. She said, "You were kind to me when you thought I was poor and in need. I can do something for you. It is in my power to grant you three wishes."

"We wish for health as long as we live, and to have our daily needs supplied," said the poor man. "We cannot think of a third wish."

"Would you not like a new house instead of this old one?" asked the fairy.

"Oh, yes!" they both cried. "With these three wishes we can want nothing more."

About noon, the rich man happened to look out of his window.

He saw with surprise a pretty new cottage with a red roof on the spot where the old one had stood.

He called his wife to look at it. "How do you suppose this can have happened?" he said. "Run over there and ask about it."

The wife went over to ask the poor man about it.



The Three Wishes

"Yesterday evening," he said, "a poor traveler came to our door for a night's shelter. We were glad to share with her what we had. This morning, as she went away, she gave us three wishes. We wished for health and food, and she changed our old hut into this beautiful cottage."

III

When the rich man heard this, he was vexed.

"That poor-looking woman came here first," he said, "but I turned her away."

"Never mind," said his wife, "make haste, mount your horse, and ride after her. If you can overtake her, you can ask her to grant you three wishes, also."

So the rich man saddled his horse and rode after the traveler.

At last he overtook her. He spoke most kindly and gently. He hoped she had not felt hurt at what he had said the evening before.

"I was just looking for the key of the house

door when you went away. If you ever pass this way again, you must stay with us."

"Yes," she replied, "I will do so if I ever pass your house again."

Then the rich man asked if she would not grant him three wishes.

"Yes," answered the fairy, "ride home, and whatever your three wishes are, they shall be granted."

IV

The rich man rode home thinking what the three wishes should be.

As he thought, he let the bridle hang so loosely that the horse began to caper about. He struck it and cried, "Be quiet, Bess," but the animal reared until he was nearly thrown off.

At last he became angry and cried again, "What do you mean by this? I wish your neck were broken!"

No sooner had he said this than his horse fell dead. So he had his first wish.

There was nothing to do but hang the saddle and bridle on his own back and walk home.

As he walked along the dusty road in the hot sun, he became tired and fretful.

He thought how happy his wife must be just at that moment, sitting in their cool room at home.

It vexed him so not to be there with her that he cried, "I wish this heavy saddle were off my back and she were sitting on it, not able to move."

As he said the last word, the saddle disappeared, and he knew that he had his second wish.

Heated as he was, he ran home, for he wanted to think of something great for the last wish.

But when he opened the door, there sat his wife on the saddle, screaming and crying that she could not get off.

"Make yourself quite happy," he said. "I can wish for all the riches in the world if only you will sit there."

“What would be the use of all the riches, if I must sit on this saddle?” she cried angrily. “You wished me on, now you must wish me off.”

So his third wish had to be that his wife might be free from the saddle.

The selfish, rich man had nothing from his three wishes but anger, vexation, and the loss of his horse.

The kind, poor man had gained happiness and comfort for the rest of his life.

— JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you :

But when the leaves hang trembling

The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads

The wind is passing by.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Phonic Drill. — Teach
n silent after m.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 284, 285, 349, 375.

enjoyed	fragrance	cores
traveler	weary	rosy

APPLE-SEED JOHN

Though John was only a poor, old man, he wished to make other people happy.

He really did this every day with his kind words and helpful ways, but that was not enough for him. He wished to do more.

“If I were a rich man,” he thought, “I could do good in many ways. But I am not rich. All that I earn is barely enough to buy food and a place to sleep at night. I have nothing to give away.”

He was thinking of these things one day while eating his dinner.

Some one had given him an apple. As he enjoyed the ripe fruit, a fine plan came into his head.

“It is just the thing!” he cried. “Now I know what to do for others.”



Apple-seed John

After that day, whenever he was paid for his work, he took part pay in apples. He put the cores of all the apples in a bag.

When the bag was full, he took it on his back. With his stout staff to help him, he walked away toward the woods and fields.

When he found a good place, he made a hole in the soft earth with the end of his staff, and planted one of the apple seeds.

He did this by the dusty roadside and in the sunny meadows, wherever he thought it would be pleasant to see a tree growing.

When his bag was empty, he went back to work, earned more money, and saved more apple cores. Then he walked away, planting as before.

Sometimes he rested at a cottage door and told stories to the little children, or made kites and played games with the boys.

He was so willing to work, and so ready for play, that people often said, "Do not go away. Stay with us."

He always answered, "No, I cannot stay. I have work to do."

Wise people said, "Why do you walk all over the country, planting apple seeds? Your work will do you no good. You never can gather apples from the trees."

John turned away with a smile on his face, saying, "I am not working for myself, but for others."

Then these wise people laughed at him for a foolish fellow, and called him "Apple-seed John."

But Apple-seed John did not care what they said.

When at last he was too old and tired to do any more, he said, "It is pleasant to think that what I have done will make others happy."

All over the country wherever John had gone, the apple trees grew. The birds found homes in their wide-spreading branches. The weary traveler on a dusty road was glad to sit in their shade.

In the spring, the beautiful pink and white blossoms filled the air with their fragrance, or fell in rosy showers on the resting traveler.

In the autumn, the ripe fruit hung low on the branches and seemed to say, "Pick me and eat me. Apple-seed John thought of you when he planted this tree."

Atlantic

Indian

dawn



THE SUN'S TRAVELS

The sun is not a-bed when I
At night upon my pillow lie ;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea ;
And all the children in the west
Are getting up and being dressed.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Phonic Drill. — Review
x, ōw.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 112, 232, 295, 318.

rifle oxen evil traveled

Ohio spirits warn purpose

A STRANGE USE FOR PUMPKINS

About a hundred years ago, a little boy named Nat Green found a strange use for two jack-o'-lanterns.

He was born in New England; but after a time his father moved west to the state of Ohio. There were no railway trains in those days. The family traveled with all the furniture in a big wagon drawn by oxen.

Nat was very fond of pumpkin pie. He was afraid that there would not be any pumpkins in Ohio. So he took some seeds with him, and sowed them when the family came to their new home. When Thanksgiving came, there were several fine pumpkins for pies, and the little boy made two splendid jack-o'-lanterns.

At that time there were many Indians in Ohio. People had to look out for them all the time.

A few days before Thanksgiving, Mr. Green rode away to the village. Mrs. Green was left alone with the children.

Toward evening a man rode up, shouting, "The Indians are coming! Bar your doors and put out your fire!"

Then he hurried away to warn the next family.

Mrs. Green fastened the door and the windows and covered up the fire. When all the young children were in bed, she and Nat sat up in the dark, too frightened to say a word.

Nat had his father's rifle, but he could not shoot it. At last his mother whispered that she could see shadows stealing across the fields.

Just then Nat thought of the jack-o'-lanterns that he had made.

"Mother," he whispered, "bring me a live coal with the tongs. Quick!"

He snatched candles from the candlesticks on the dresser, lighted them from the live coal, and put them in the two pumpkin shells. Then he



Welcoming the Indians

set one in one window and his mother placed the other in the other window.

When the Indians saw these awful faces at the window, they gave a great yell of fright. They all ran away as fast as they could because they thought that the jack-o'-lanterns were evil spirits.

Would you have believed that pumpkins could have been used for such a strange purpose?

Phonic Drill. — Review
ph, sten.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 257, 298, 342, 346.

bear	amusing	Italians
erect	damage	performing

TWIN BABIES

These twin babies were black as coal. They were young baby bears, and so exactly alike that no one could tell one from the other.

They were orphans. They had been found at the foot of a small cedar tree on the banks of a river by a boy who was hunting.

The baby bears were asleep and alone. The boy caught them up in his arms and ran away with them. Instead of being frightened or cross, they began to nose around under his arms, like little pigs, for something to eat. And when he reached home with them, how they did eat!

Before a month the little black fellows began to walk erect, carry stick muskets, wear paper caps, and march up and down before the door like soldiers.



The Bears waiting upon the Table

Their most amusing trick was waiting upon the table. With round caps on their heads and short white aprons these little black boys would serve the guests at the table.

Of course they often dropped things, but they were given only tin plates to hold, so that little damage was done if a dish did happen to fall.

Men came from far and near, and often spent the day watching these funny little creatures.

As winter came on, the two black bears were fat as pigs and fully half grown. They ate so much every day that the people who kept them began to wonder how to get them food.

They remembered that bears sleep through the winter. So they tumbled the big black babies into a hollow log on a heap of hay. There they cuddled down and went to sleep.

The boy had to go away for the winter, but when he came back in the spring, the first thing he did was to go to the log in which the bears had been placed.

He listened, but there was no sound within. Then he kicked at the tree, but nothing stirred. He ran away to the woodpile and caught up an ax. In a moment he had chopped away the end of the log. Out rolled the twins.

They had been there so long that they were weak and lean. They could scarcely stand on their feet. However, in a month they were as fat as they had been before their nap.

One day when they were performing some of their tricks, two Italians saw them and offered to buy them for a great deal of money. They muzzled the big pets, and led them away to the city. There they seemed very contented and happy.

—JOAQUIN MILLER (*Adapted*).

Phonic Drill. — Review
tion, a after w, kn, mb.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 255, 310, 328, 338,
347.

solid	patience	sprouted
stupid	narrower	courtyard

JACK AND HIS BROTHERS

I

Beside the king's palace a huge oak had grown up in one night. Its spreading branches darkened all the windows.

In vain the king offered bags of money to the one who would cut this great tree down. Its hard trunk blunted the edge of every ax, and for every branch that was cut off, two sprouted forth.

This was not all that vexed the king. A well that would hold water all the year round was

needed in the courtyard of the palace. The king offered money for this also, but no one had been found who could dig the well.

It was not so easy to do as one would think, for the palace was built on solid rock. Those who tried to dig the well found this rock so hard that no amount of digging and delving could make a hole in it.

At last the king sent word all over the kingdom that whoever should do these two things should have the princess and half the kingdom.

II

After a time the king's word reached the ears of three brothers, Peter, Paul, and Jack.

Peter and Paul were stupid fellows, who thought they knew all there was to know. Jack was always asking questions about the things he saw and heard. Peter and Paul had no patience with him.

The three brothers thought they would like to try their hands at the king's work, so one morning they all started for the palace.

Their way led through a great forest that covered a mountain. On the top of the mountain, they heard the sound of an ax and the crash of falling branches.

"I wonder what that is chopping away up yonder," said Jack.

"Oh, you are always wondering," said Peter and Paul, both at once. "What should it be but a wood-chopper!"

"But I'd like to see what it is," said Jack. And he began to climb the mountain.

"Yes, do go," called his brothers after him, "perhaps you will learn how to chop wood."

Jack did not care what they said. He climbed the mountain. There he found an ax chopping away all by itself at the trunk of a tree.

"Good morning, ax," said Jack. "Why do you chop here all by yourself?"

"I chop while I am waiting for you to come and get me," answered the ax.

"Well, here I am," said Jack.

He put the ax in his great leather bag, and ran down the mountain.

"Tell us what wonderful thing you saw up there," laughed his brothers when he came up with them.

"It was really an ax that we heard," said Jack.

III

After a while, as they were passing under a great rock, they heard the sound of digging.

"I wonder what makes that noise," said Jack.

"There you go wondering again," said Peter and Paul. "Have you never heard a woodpecker digging away in a hollow tree?"

"Yes," said Jack, "but I'd like to see what makes this noise."

So, though the others laughed at him for being so foolish, he climbed the rock. At the top, he saw a spade digging the rock all by itself.

"Good morning, spade," cried Jack. "Why do you dig here all alone?"



"Good morning, ax"

"I dig while I am waiting for you to come and get me," answered the spade.

"Well, here I am at last," said Jack.

He put the spade in his great leather bag.

"What strange sight did you see at the top of the rock?" cried his brothers when he caught up with them.

"Oh," said Jack, "it was only a spade that we heard."

IV

They went on until they came to a brook. Here they rested and had a drink of the cool water.

"I wonder," said Jack, "where all this water comes from."

"How foolish you are to be wondering about the brook!" cried Peter. "Every one knows that the water comes from a spring in the earth."

"No matter," said Jack. "I am curious to see where this water comes from."

So up he jumped, and ran beside the brook. As he went, it grew narrower and narrower. At

last he saw that the water trickled out of a great walnut.

“Good morning, walnut,” cried Jack. “Why do you lie here and let the water trickle out?”

“It runs while I am waiting for you to come and get me,” answered the walnut.

“Here I am at last,” cried Jack. He took a little wad of moss and plugged up the hole in the shell. Then he put it in his bag and ran back to his brothers.

“Do you know where the brook comes from?” cried Peter when he saw him.

“Yes, it ran out of a little hole,” said Jack.

V

At last they came to the king's palace. The oak was larger than ever, and the well was yet to be dug in the courtyard.

The king was out of patience. He said that those who tried and did not succeed should be sent out of the country.

Peter and Paul were not afraid. They were

sure that they could cut down the oak, though every one else failed.

First Peter tried and then Paul, but it was with them as with all who had tried before. The oak began to grow as soon as they began to chop. The king's men seized them and sent them out of the country.

Now it was Jack's turn to try. He took the ax out of his bag. "Chop, chop," he cried. The ax began to chop in all directions, right and left, up and down. The chips flew so fast that it wasn't long before the tree was in pieces.

Then he pulled out the spade and laid it on the spot where the well was to be dug.

"Dig away," he said. The spade began to dig and delve so fast that the rock flew about in splinters. It wasn't long before the well was a hundred feet deep.

When it was deep enough, he laid the walnut shell in the bottom of the well, and pulled out the plug of moss.

"Trickle and run," said Jack. So the water trickled and ran until the well was full.

Then the king gave Jack the princess and half the kingdom, for he had cut down the oak and dug the well.

But Peter and Paul knew nothing of Jack's good fortune. They still thought he was a foolish fellow to be always wondering and asking questions.

— EDOUARD LABOULAYE (*Adapted*).

WISE WORDS

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Evil be to him who evil thinks.

Tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you who you are.

Make use of the sun while it shines.

It is not enough to run, one must start in time.

Many hands make light work.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating —
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Phonic Drill. — Review
ous, bu, oup, or after w.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 234, 236, 328, 331.

condition notice industriously
mention inclose interested

ROLLO'S GARDEN

I

When Rollo's father gave him a piece of land for a garden, he promised to buy all the vegetables that Rollo raised.

He gave it to him on this condition: If the garden was not taken care of, Rollo would have three days' notice to put it in order. If he did not do it in this time, the garden would be taken from him.

Rollo dug and planted his garden. He put double rows of peas and beans all around to inclose it like a hedge. Then he had a row of corn, for he thought he should like some green corn to roast. He planted beets and cantaloupes. In one corner he planted some flower seeds.

Rollo took great pleasure in laying out and planting his garden, and in watching the seeds come up.

One evening, just before sunset, he took his father and mother out to see it.



Rollo showing his Garden

“You have done very well so far,” said his father, “but the trying time is yet to come.”

“Why, father?”

“Because hoeing and weeding must be done now to keep the garden in order. This is not such interesting work as planning and planting it. I wonder if you will have the patience to do this.”

II

The trying time did come. In June and July Rollo became interested in play. He now found it hard work to take care of his garden.

At last his father told him that unless he put it in order within three days, it would be taken away from him.

Rollo worked a little the next morning, and the next day he did a little more.

Late that afternoon, Jonas, the gardener, saw him chasing butterflies. He asked Rollo if his work was all done.

"No," said he; "but I think I have more than half done. I can finish it early to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" said Jonas. "To-morrow is Sunday. You cannot work then."

"Is it?" said Rollo. "I didn't know that. What shall I do? Do you suppose that my father will count Sunday?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "I think he will. He said three days, without mention of Sunday."

Rollo ran for his hoe. He liked his garden, and did not want to lose it. But he knew that his father would take it from him if he did not keep it in order.

He hoed and pulled up weeds industriously. He worked until it was so dark that he could not see any longer. Then he sat down on the side of his little wheelbarrow, and burst into tears.

After a time he dried his eyes and went into the house. He hoped that his father would not count Sunday, and he begged his mother to let him sit up until his father came home so that he might ask him. He was so unhappy that she let him do so.

When his father came, he said, "Father, do you count Sunday as one of the three days?"

"No, my son," said his father; "I meant three working days."

Rollo clapped his hands and said, "I am so glad, father, for I shall have time enough to finish my work on Monday."

“ Suppose you should be sick on Monday ? ”

“ If I were sick, would you count it ? ”

“ Certainly,” said his father. “ I shall count Monday.”

Rollo went to bed thinking what a narrow escape he had had.

He felt sure that he could get his work done, for he did not think there was the least danger of his being sick on Monday.

III

studied

anxious

pouring

recited

examine

quantity

Monday morning came. Rollo jumped out of bed, crying, “ Well ! I am not sick this morning.”

Just then his ear caught the sound of rain. It was pouring.

“ Oh, what shall I do ? ” said Rollo. “ Why did I not finish my garden on Saturday ? ”

He dressed himself and went downstairs. He ate his breakfast and recited his lessons.

Rain, rain ! There was no sign of stopping.

Rollo was very anxious and unhappy. He knew that his father would not give him another day, and that if he could not get the work done, he should lose his garden.

At last he asked if he might not go out and finish his weeding ; he did not care, he said, if he did get wet.

“ But it will spoil your clothes,” said his father.

“ Besides, you may take cold,” said his mother.

Rollo turned away, with tears in his eyes, and went into the kitchen. He sat down on a bench and looked out toward the garden.

Jonas pitied him. “ Rollo,” said he, “ you might find some old clothes in the garret. Perhaps it would not hurt to get them wet.”

Rollo jumped up. “ Let us go and see,” he cried.

They went to the garret. There they found a quantity of old clothes. They carried some of them into the shed.



Rollo working in the Rain

Rollo's mother said that rain would not hurt these clothes, so Rollo put them on, took his hoe, and went out into the garden.

At first he thought it was good fun, but soon he grew very tired and uncomfortable.

The rain spattered in his face and leaked down the back of his neck. The ground was wet and slippery.

But Rollo did not give up. He raked off all

the weeds, and smoothed the ground over carefully. He knew that his father would examine it as soon as the storm was over.

Before dark the work was done. Rollo went into the house, changed his clothes, and sat by the fire.

He remembered this lesson. He kept his garden in order for the rest of the summer. His father did not have to give him notice again.

Rollo's vegetables grew well. He sold them all to his father, and in this way earned two dollars.

But that was not all that Rollo had from his garden. He learned how to stick to his work until it was done. That was worth more to him than money.

— JACOB ABBOTT (*Adapted*).

If you have a task to do,
Never leave it till it's through.
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

France	castle	ferry	keys
Scotland	dawned	guard	island

LITTLE DOUGLAS

There was once a beautiful queen of Scotland whose name was Mary.

When she was a little girl, she lived in France. When she grew up, she married the prince of the country and was very happy.

But after a time the prince died. Queen Mary could not stay in France after that. She had to go back to rule over Scotland, the land she had left when she was a little girl.

She cried very sadly at the thought of leaving all her friends and going to a strange place where she did not know any one.

She sat on the deck of the ship all night long. She hoped that, when morning dawned, she might see the land she loved once more. But when the morning came, the ship had sailed so far that it could not be seen.

When Queen Mary came to Scotland, she found the people very unlike those she had left. They were not pleased with her because her ways were so different from theirs.

It was not long before they thought she was not a good queen for their country, and they shut her up in a strong castle.

This castle stood on a lonely little island in a lake. A stern keeper kept guard so that the queen could not get away. But some of the people loved the beautiful queen and tried to set her free.

One of these good friends was in the castle with her. He was her page. His name was Douglas, and he was fifteen years old. He was very sorry for the queen and tried to help her.

Every night Douglas had to lay the keys of the castle before the keeper as he sat at dinner.

One night he dropped a napkin over them as he placed a dish upon the table. When he lifted the napkin, he lifted the keys with it.



Queen Mary escaping from the Castle

The keeper did not notice that they were gone.

When everybody was asleep, Douglas unlocked the gates of the castle and the door to Queen Mary's tower.

She came out with her maid. They went quickly through the gates and stepped into the ferryboat that lay close by.

Then little Douglas locked the castle gates again, so that the people could not come out and follow them.

They rowed across the lake. Queen Mary herself used one of the oars. When they reached the middle of the lake, Douglas threw the keys into the water.

On the farther shore, some of Queen Mary's friends were waiting with horses. The queen mounted a swift horse and rode away.

Little Douglas had set her free.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Phonic Drill. — Teach
ch = k. Review gn.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 93, 135, 378, 380.

rejoice	insects	pudding
replied	silent	explained

LOOKING-GLASS INSECTS

Alice was sitting under a tree. A gnat was on a twig just over her head, fanning her with its wings.

“You don’t like all insects?” the gnat asked quietly.

“I like them when they can talk,” Alice said. “None of them ever talk where I come from.”

“What sort of insects do you rejoice in where you come from?”

“I don’t rejoice in insects at all,” Alice explained, “because I’m afraid of them — at least the large ones. But I can tell you the names of some of them.”

“There’s the horse fly,” she began, counting off the names on her fingers.

“All right,” said the gnat. “Halfway up that bush you’ll see a rocking-horse fly, if you look.

It's made of wood, and gets about by swinging from branch to branch."

"What does it live on?" Alice asked.

"Sap and sawdust," said the gnat.

Alice looked at the rocking-horse fly. She made up her mind that it must have been just painted, it looked so bright and sticky. Then she went on. "And there's the dragon fly."

↑ "Look on the branch above your head," said the gnat, "and there you'll find a snap-dragon fly. Its body is made of plum pudding, its wings of holly leaves, and its head is a raisin."

— "And what does it live on?" Alice asked.

"Mince pie," the gnat replied; "and it makes its nest in a Christmas box."

"And then there's the butterfly," Alice went on, after she had taken a good look at the insect.

"Crawling at your feet," said the gnat, "you may see a bread-and-butter fly. Its wings are thin slices of bread and butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar."

“ And what does it live on ? ” asked Alice.

“ Weak tea with cream in it.”

“ Supposing it couldn’t find any ? ”

“ Then it would die, of course.”

After this Alice was silent for a minute or two.

When she looked up, there was nothing whatever to be seen on the twig. As she was getting quite chilly with sitting still so long, she got up and walked away.

— LEWIS CARROLL (*Adapted*).

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings,
And nests among the trees ;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the sea.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain ;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

bonny	aching	elsewhere
glisten	folk	sloping

THE STARS IN THE SKY

I

Once on a time there was a tiny lassie who wept every day to have the stars in the sky to play with. She wouldn't have this and she wouldn't have that; it was always the stars she wanted.

So one fine day, off she went to find them. She walked and she walked and she walked, until by and by she came to a mill-dam.

"Good evening," said she. "I'm seeking the stars in the sky to play with. Have you seen any?"

"Oh, yes, my bonny lassie," said the mill-dam.

"They shine in my own face at night until I can't sleep. Jump in, and perhaps you'll find one."

She jumped in and swam about and swam about and swam about, but not one could she see. So she went on until she came to a brooklet.

“Good evening, brooklet,” said she. “I’m seeking the stars in the sky to play with. Have you seen any?”

“Yes, indeed, my bonny lassie,” said the brooklet. “They glisten on my banks at night. Paddle about, and maybe you’ll find one.”

So she paddled and she paddled and she paddled, but not one did she find. On she went until she came to the Good Folk.

“Good evening, Good Folk,” said she. “I’m looking for the stars in the sky to play with. Have you seen any?”

“Why, yes, my bonny lassie,” said the Good Folk. “They shine on the grass here at night. Dance with us, and maybe you’ll find one,”

She danced and she danced and she danced, but not one did she see. So down she sat; I suppose she wept.

“Oh, dearie me, oh, dearie me!” said she. “I’ve swam and I’ve paddled and I’ve danced. I fear I shall never find the stars in the sky.”

II

The Good Folk whispered together. Then one of them took her by the hand and said, "Go forward, go forward. Ask Four Feet to carry you to No Feet At All; tell No Feet At All to carry you to the stair without steps, and if you can climb that—"

"Oh, shall I be among the stars in the sky then?" cried the lassie.

"If you are not, then you'll be elsewhere," said the Good Folk, and they went to dancing again.

On she went now with a light heart, and by and by she came to a saddled horse tied to a tree.

"Good evening, Beast," said she. "I'm seeking the stars in the sky to play with. Will you give me a lift? All my bones are aching."

"No," said the horse; "I know nothing of the stars in the sky. I'm here to do the bidding of the Good Folk, and not my own will."

"Well," said she, "it's from the Good Folk I



The Little Lass finds Four Feet

come. They bade me tell Four Feet to carry me to No Feet At All."

"If that is so," said he, "jump up and ride with me."

So they rode and they rode and they rode, until they rode through the forest and found themselves at the edge of the sea.

On the water in front of them was a wide, glistening path. It ran straight out toward a beautiful thing that rose out of the water and went up into the sky. It was all the colors in the world, — blue, red, and green — wonderful to look at!

"Now get down," said the horse. "I've brought you to the end of the land, and that's as much as Four Feet can do. I must go home to my own folk."

"But," said the lassie, "where's No Feet At All, and where's the stair without steps?"

"I know not," said the horse. "That is not my business. Good-by, my bonnie lassie."

And off he went.

III

The lassie stood still and looked at the water until a strange-looking fish came swimming up to her feet.

“Good evening, Big Fish,” said she. “I’m looking for the stars in the sky and for the stairs that climb up to them. Will you show me the way?”

“No,” said the fish; “I can’t unless you bring me word from the Good Folk.”

“I have word from them,” said she. “They said Four Feet would bring me to No Feet At All, and No Feet At All would carry me to the stairs without steps.”

“Ah, well,” said the fish, “that’s all right then. Get on my back and hold fast.”

Off he went — kerplash! — into the water. He swam along the silver path toward the bright arch. The nearer they came, the brighter it shone, until she had to shade her eyes from the light.

As soon as they came near, she saw it was a broad, bright road, sloping up into the sky. At

the far, far end of it she could see wee, shining things dancing about.

“Now,” said the fish, “here you are, and there is the stair. Climb up if you can, but hold fast. I think that you will find that the stair at home is easier than this way.”

And off he splashed through the water.

She climbed and she climbed, but not a step higher did she get. The light was before her and around her, and the water was behind her.

The more she struggled, the more she was forced down into the dark and the cold. The harder she climbed, the deeper she fell.

She climbed and she climbed. She grew dizzy in the light, she shivered with the cold, but still she climbed. At last, quite frightened, she forgot to hold fast. She let go, and sank down — down — down.

Bang she came on to the hard boards, and found herself sitting on the floor by the bedside at home all alone.

— JOSEPH JACOBS (*Abridged*).

Phonic Drill. — Review
sion, ch = k.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 252, 329, 330.

decided customers jeweler

precious thousand dismounting

DREAMS

“I have a hundred pieces of silver,” said Alnaschar. “What shall I do with them?”

At last he decided to lay them out in glassware. He put the glassware in an open basket and sat in the market place. While he was waiting for customers, he thought about the riches his glassware would bring him.

“This basket,” he said to himself, “cost me a hundred pieces of silver. I shall sell it for two hundred.

“With my two hundred pieces of silver I shall buy more glassware, which I shall sell for four hundred pieces.

“I shall keep on in this way until I have four thousand pieces of silver. With these I shall easily make eight or ten thousand pieces.

“When ten thousand pieces of silver are mine, I

shall leave off selling glass and turn jeweler. I shall trade in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones.

“When I am as rich as I can wish, I shall build a fine mansion of marble. I shall have slaves, horses, and camels. Then I shall marry the princess.

“Yes, I shall put on my richest robes, and mount a fine horse with a saddle of gold and trappings of silver.

“I shall ride to the palace of the princess, followed by my slaves. When I alight from my horse at her door, all the people will make way and bow before me.”

Alnaschar was so full of these pleasant visions that he quite forgot where he was.

He thought that he was dismounting from his horse, and he gave his foot such a push that his glassware was broken into ten thousand pieces.

— *Arabian Nights.*

Never count your chickens before they are hatched.



Alnaschar's Dream

A RIDDLE

There is one that has a head without an
eye,

And there's one that has an eye without a
head:

You may find the answer if you try;

And when all is said,

Half the answer hangs upon a thread.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Phonic Drill. — Sound
words from Sections 296,
331, 347, 380.

timid	joyous	cobbler
eagerly	talked	companion

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

I

Hans Christian Andersen was born far across the sea in the country of Denmark. His father was a poor cobbler.

Hans was a timid, lonely child. The other boys of the town laughed at him and teased him. He did not care to play with them.

His father was his friend and companion. Together they walked in the woods and fields that were near his home.

In these walks, his father taught him about the flowers and trees they saw. Hans listened eagerly to the wonderful stories he told.

Although the family was very poor, Hans had playthings, dolls, and toys in great number. They were all made by the kind father as he sat at his bench. With them Hans acted out the stories he had heard.

In the dooryard of the house stood a single gooseberry bush. Beside this bush little Hans made a tent of one of his mother's old aprons. Here he sat for hours listening to the joyous songs of the birds, and thinking about his stories.

Sometimes he ran across the bridge close by the mill, into the meadows and pastures be-



Hans Christian Andersen

yond. These were wonderful places, so full of bushes that he could lose himself among them.

He spent many happy days here playing and watching the stork that stood gravely on one leg, or stalked across the swampy places in search of frogs and insects.

When Hans was older, he went to the city to find work. Poor boy! He had a hard time in the strange city, away from all that he loved. He was so poor that he lived in a little attic room in a narrow street, and he was often hungry and cold.

One evening he sat sad and lonely at his window. He was thinking of the kind friends at home, of the forest and the hills, of the meadows where he had watched the stork, and of the gooseberry bush beside the housedoor.

Tears came to his eyes. Just then he saw the kind round face of a good friend. It was the same old moon that had so often peeped at him as he lay in his little bed at home. It was looking at him now.

He kissed his hand to it over and over again. He watched for it every night. As he looked at it, he thought of beautiful stories. He said that the moon told them to him, and he wrote them down for boys and girls to read.

Hans Christian Andersen lived to be an old man. He loved little children, and he was never so happy as when reading or telling them his stories.

II

This is one of the stories that the moon told him:—

Yesterday I looked down upon a barnyard. There sat a clucking hen with eleven chickens, and a pretty little girl was running and jumping around them.

The hen was frightened and clucked and spread out her wings over the little brood. Then the girl's father came out and scolded her.

This evening I looked down into the same barnyard. Everything was quiet. But presently the little girl came out again. She crept quietly to the hen house, pushed back the bolt, and went in.

The hens and chickens cried out. They came fluttering down from their perches and ran about, and the little girl ran after them.

I saw it quite plainly, for I looked through a hole in the hen-house wall.

I thought the little girl was naughty and felt glad when her father came out and scolded her more than he did yesterday.

She held down her head, and her blue eyes were full of large tears.

“What are you about?” he asked.

She brushed away her tears and said, “I wanted to kiss the hen and beg her pardon for frightening her yesterday.”

Then the father kissed the child who had so kind a heart, and I kissed her on the mouth and eyes.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Adapted*).

The rain is raining all around;
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Phonic Drill. — Review
ch = k, ous, gu.

Sound words from Sec-
tions 61, 169, 331, 377.

afford	grumbled	language
polite	generous	prospered

THE GENEROUS ARE RICH

I

“Husband,” said the wife of a rich farmer at Christmas, “are you going to put out a sheaf of wheat for the sparrows?”

“No,” said the man.

“Why not? We have done it always, and it has brought us good luck.”

“I cannot afford it this time,” grumbled the farmer.

“Our poor neighbor has one out,” said the wife.

“Well, he may do as he likes; but I have a family to feed. I cannot throw away God’s gifts on birds.”

In the rich man’s house they made ready for a great Christmas feast. Outside the sparrows were flying hungrily.



The Sparrows' Sheaf of Wheat

In the poor farmer's house there was no money to spend for Christmas; but the sparrows were flying happily round the sheaf of wheat. The children liked to watch their little footprints in the snow, and to hear their twitter on the roof.

"We ought to have kept that wheat for the children's Christmas bread," sighed the farmer's wife.

"Have you forgotten that the generous are

rich?" said her husband. "Besides, I have saved enough money to buy four new loaves and a can of milk. The children can take their sled and cross over the lake to the village. They will have time to get back before dark."

"They might meet wolves on the ice," said the mother.

"I will give Daniel a big stick, and he can beat them off," said the father.

II

So Daniel and Anna went to the village to buy the bread and milk. On the way home their sled was so heavy that they could drag it but slowly. A snowstorm came on and drifted all about them. They could scarcely see.

Suddenly they heard a howl and saw something black on the snow.

When Daniel saw that it was a wolf, he grasped his big stick; but the wolf did not try to hurt them. He stood a little way off and howled so that the children seemed to understand him.

"It is cold," he said, "and my little ones are starving. Be generous and give me some bread."

"Well," said Anna, "we will give you our two loaves. We can eat stale bread, but father and mother must have their Christmas loaves."

The wolf thanked them and ran away with the loaves.

Again the children heard a noise behind them. They turned and saw a bear growling something in his language. It was hard to understand, but they thought he said something like this, "All the water is frozen and my cubs have nothing to drink. Be generous and give me some milk."

"You ought to be asleep in your den like the other bears," said Daniel. "But we will give you our share of the milk. Anna and I can drink water."

The bear held out a little pail of birchbark. When it was filled, he trotted away in the darkness.

Just as the children saw the lights in their own



The Bear asking for Milk

cottage, a great owl flew up to them. He tried to scratch them with his claws.

"I want bread and milk! I want bread and milk!" he screeched.

"I will teach you to be polite," said Daniel, and he struck the owl with his stick and sent him away screeching.

III

When the children reached home and were shaking the snow from their clothes, Anna said, "We have fed a wolf."

"And we gave a bear some milk," said Daniel.

"But the owl got the stick because he was rude!" said Anna.

Then they all sat down to their supper and they shared what was left of the bread and milk. As they were eating, they heard a scratching on the window pane. There stood the wolf and the bear with their forepaws against the glass, nodding most wisely. Behind them, in the darkness, the owl was flying and screeching:

“ A whipping — ohoo!
Makes me wise — ohoo! ohoo! ohoo! ”

After that there was always enough bread and milk in the poor farmer's house. Year after year his crops grew and brought him more grain than any other farmer in the neighborhood.

The rich farmer grew poorer and poorer. “ We give away too much,” said he to his wife. “ Drive away the beggars.” But his barns remained empty.

“ We eat too much,” said he. “ Let us have only two meals a day.” He grew no richer than before.

Then he told his wife to go and ask his poor neighbor how he had prospered so well. When he had heard the story, he said,

“ Wife, there's a sheaf of wheat in the barn. Let us save that for the sparrows next Christmas and begin again.”

— ZACHRIS TOPELIUS, *translated and adapted by Maria Sandahl*

Phonic Drill. — Sound
words from Sections 343,
358.

threshing	dived	crackling
jostled	dawn	listened

HOW THE GRAY HARE SPENT THE NIGHT

When night came, the gray hare pricked up one ear and listened. He pricked up the other ear, moved his whiskers, sniffed, and sat down on his hind legs.

Then he took a leap or two over the deep snow and again sat down on his hind legs and looked about him.

The hare had to cross the road in order to reach a threshing floor. He stopped near the road.

Men were walking beside their sleighs, and the collars of their coats were raised. The horses jostled under their harness and dived in and out of snowdrifts.

When the sleighs passed by, the hare leaped across the road and softly went toward the threshing floor.



A Dog saw the Hare

A dog saw him. He began to bark and darted after. The hare leaped over the snowdrifts, but the dog stuck fast in the snow and stopped the chase.

On the way the hare met two other hares. They were feeding and playing.

He played a while with these hares, dug away the frosty snow with them, ate the wintergreen they had uncovered, and went on his way.

In the village everything was quiet. The fires were out. All one could hear was a baby's cry and the crackling of the frost in the forest trees.

On the threshing floor the hare found more companions. He played with them a while, ate some oats that he found scattered about, and set out for home.

The dawn was coming. The people in the village were awake. Women carried water, men brought feed from the barn, children shouted and cried. Carts began to go down the road and men talked aloud to each other.

The hare leaped across the road, and went to his sleeping place. He dug away the snow a little, dropped his ears on his back and fell asleep.

— COUNT LEO TOLSTOY (*Adapted*).

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

QUEEN MAB

A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand ;
And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from right to left
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish.

And talking birds with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

— THOMAS HOOD.

statue	Italy	sculptor	ornament
carved	chisel	modeled	guest

THE LION MADE OF BUTTER

Long ago there lived in Italy a little boy named Antonio Canova. His grandfather was a stone cutter, and Antonio used to play with the chips of stone and marble in the yard. Sometimes he took clay and modeled it into all kinds of little figures.

Sometimes his grandfather gave him hammer and chisel and let him try to make statues. He was so good at this work that his grandfather thought he might become a great sculptor.

One day a rich nobleman in the town had visitors at his castle. Little Antonio happened to be in the kitchen watching the servants prepare for the feast.

Suddenly there was a crash in the dining room. One of the servants rushed into the kitchen with a frightened face.

“What shall I do?” he cried. “I have broken the marble statue that was to stand on the table. My master will be very angry.”

The other servants were very sorry for him, but they could not think of anything to say.

Little Antonio thought he could help. He said, “Here is a beautiful big lump of butter on the table. I think I could make that into a statue. Will you let me try?”

The servants did not know what else to do, so they said, “Well, we must have an ornament for the table. Let us see what you can make.”

He took a kitchen knife and began to carve the butter into the form of a lion.

When it was finished, the servants placed it on the dinner table. They all said that it was much more beautiful than the statue that had been broken.

The master and his friends noticed it the moment they came into the room.

“Surely,” said one of the guests, “no one but

a great artist could have carved that lion. But how odd that he should have made it of butter! Who is he? ”

“ I do not know,” said the master. He asked his servant where he had found the wonderful statue.

“ It was carved by a little boy in the kitchen,” said the man.

Then they sent for Antonio, and asked him who he was and who had taught him.

“ Nobody,” he said, “ except my grandfather, the stone cutter.”

Then the master made the little sculptor sit down at the table with his guests, and feast with them. The next day, he sent for him to come and live at the castle and learn of the best teachers in the land how to make statues. He became one of the great sculptors of the world. The beautiful statues he made can be seen still in Italy.

A DEWDROP

Little drop of dew,
Like a gem you are;
I believe that you
Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie;
Tell me then, at night
Are you in the sky?

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

—ISAAC WATTS.

FAR IN THE WOODS IN MAY

Far in the woods, the fresh green woods in May,
Once sang a bird; but all it found to say
Was "Keep it! keep it!" all the merry day.

The bird? I never saw it, no, not I!
I followed, but it flitted far on high;
And "Keep it! keep it!" — Echo caught the cry.

I was so glad as through the woods I went!
And now I think that "Keep it! keep it!" meant,
"Child, keep each happy thought that Heaven has
sent."

—EDITH M. THOMAS.



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